

The Sketch

No. 978.—Vol. LXXVI.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1911.

SIXPENCE.



FLORA AND FAUNA: MISS MARIE TEMPEST MAKES FRIENDS WITH A CHIMPANZEE AT THE "ZOO."

Miss Marie Tempest, that most popular of actresses, who has been having a merry little fight with certain of those dramatic critics who have published their opinions of "The Honeymoon," is herself playing the leading part in Mr. Arnold Bennett's latest stage work, at the Comedy. Her Flora Lloyd, it needly scarcely be said, is a delight; her personal success as great as ever.



**The Last Wasp
of Summer.**

It was a melancholy little visit. I was breakfasting by the open window, basking in the warmth of the latest thing in Octobers. He made no noise as he entered.

"Good heavens!" I cried. "Still here?"

"Yes," came the answer in a scarcely audible buzz.

"Can't you make more noise than that?"

"No, Sir. I'm very feeble."

"Is that why you fly so near the floor?"

"I do it for safety. It seems to go to my head, Sir, when I get any higher."

"Anyway, you're humbled at last. I suppose you know you made a beastly nuisance of yourself all the summer?"

"It wasn't me, Sir—really it wasn't. I kept on telling our chaps, but they wouldn't listen. They said there was strength in numbers, and nonsense of that sort. 'Don't believe it,' I said. 'If the gentleman *should* happen to hit you with his newspaper, you'll curl up into a little ball and get stepped on,' I said."

"I'm much obliged to you. All the same, you must get out of this. They say you're most dangerous when you fly low."

He raised himself, with great difficulty, to the level of the window, sidled sadly through, and disappeared.

**Autumn
Resolutions.**

The autumn is the time for making good resolutions. It has been proved, over and over again, that resolutions formed on New Year's Eve are never kept. It is a foolish time to make good resolutions. Why resolve to rise early when the mornings are at their coldest? Why resolve to love your neighbour as yourself when the bills are tumbling in? Why resolve to abstain from alcohol and tobacco when every man you meet is in his most hospitable mood, when luncheons and dinners crowd one upon the other, when every tradition of the race impels one to eat, drink, and be merry?

Similarly, it is useless to make good resolutions in the spring or summer. Where is the man who can honestly determine to double his daily amount of work when the sun is high in the heavens, the sound of the mowing-machine is heard in the land, and his flannels have just come from the tailor or the cleaner? The only resolve one should form in the summer is the resolve to be bone idle and have the best possible time.

Remains, therefore, the autumn, when the first bite of cold air braces the system, when the long winter is upon us with all its splendid opportunities. I am full of the most wonderful resolutions this autumn. I am going to—

No. You can easily imagine for yourself, friend the reader, the sort of resolutions I should be forming.

**Of Twenty-five
Years' Standing.**

"As a quarter-of-a-century chairman," writes Mr. William Bowley to one of my daily papers, "may I be allowed to add my views as to performances in church? First of all, we must divest ourselves of the idea of church being a place to show off the high attainments of the choir and organist."

That, to begin with, is well said. Boy and youth, I had quite fifteen years' experience in a choir, and I can swear that not one of us ever thought about the congregation, much less looked at them. There was no jealousy about solos, and no pride in the beauty of one's own voice. We were, as nearly as possible, a choir of angels.

The one person who did not quite come up to the angelic

MOTLEY NOTES

By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot").



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND ·"

standpoint was my first organist. He had a sweet nature, but the struggles of years had rather soured his temper. When we sank to our knees after the psalms, or the occasional anthem, this organist would seize a sheet of paper, write "PIG" or "cow" upon it in enormous letters, and hold it up over his shoulder in the direction of the offender. He could not wait until the service was concluded, and there was no other way of relieving his feelings immediately.

For the rest, we were, I repeat, a model lot. It was difficult to resist the temptation, when the Harvest Festival came round, to pick the apples and pears off the gasaliers, but we did resist it. At least most of us did, especially those who could not reach the gasaliers. Dear little fellows all!

Still with
Mr. Bowley.

"It is quite right," continues Mr. Bowley, "that the best performance possible should be obtained as a worshipful action from the choir orally, and the people should join in in spirit. Without this the church becomes a mere concert-room."

It is all very well for Mr. Bowley, whose place in a choir is quite secure, to tell the others to join in "in spirit." There is nothing so depressing as this joining in "in spirit." When I hear a chant I know, or a hymn I know—and I think I know them all—I like to join in loudly and heartily. It may be that I interfere with the "worshipful action of the choir orally," but I feel much better, morally if not orally better, after a jolly good burst of it.

Mr. Bowley has been a chairman so long that he has ceased, I am afraid, to feel with the congregation. They want to sing, Mr. Bowley, and you ought to let them sing. They can't express all that is in their hearts and souls, bless 'em, through your throat, however perfect a throat it may be.

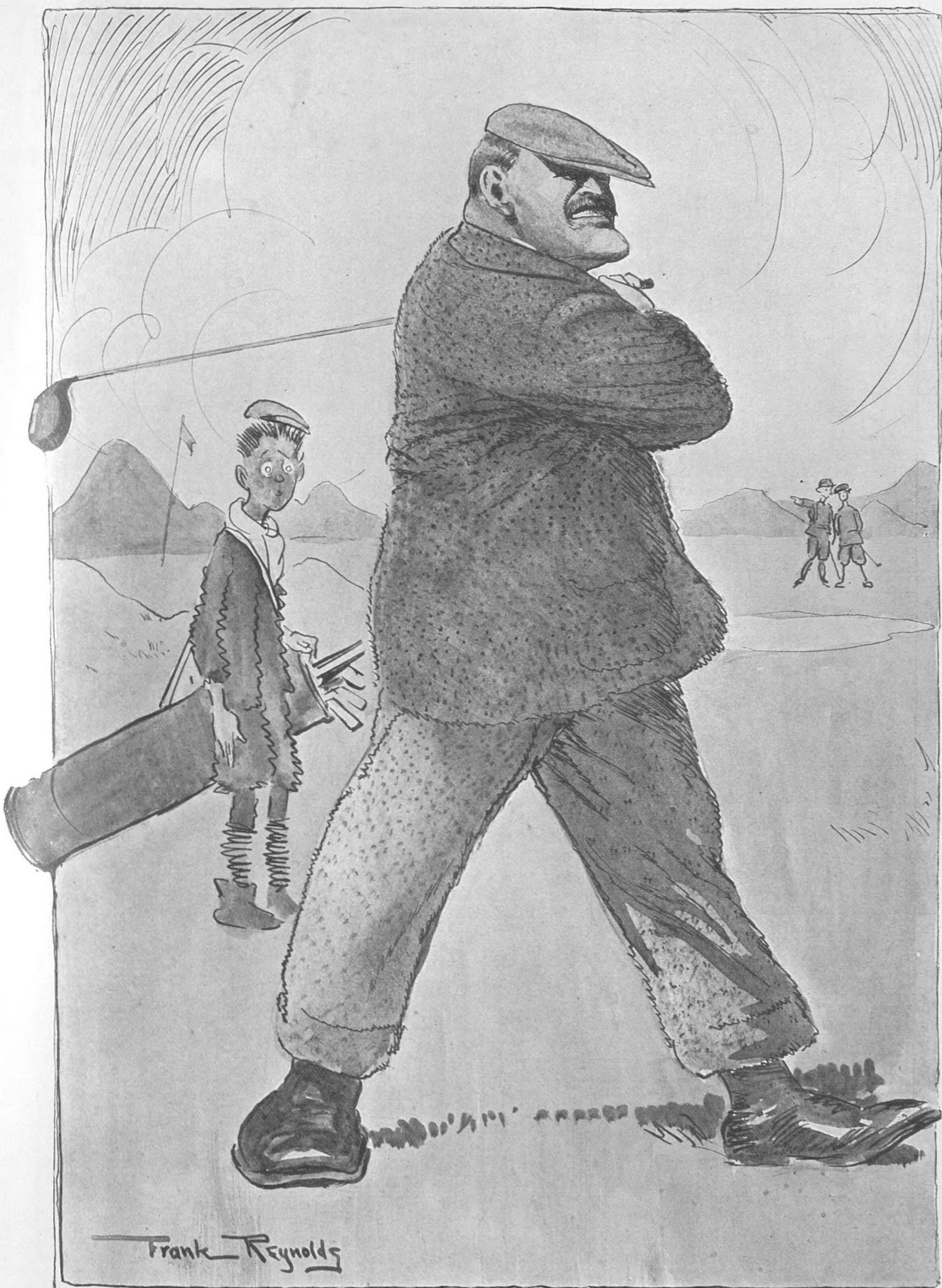
Again, Mr. Bowley wants us to kneel down during the anthem. "A short time since," he complains, "I was in a church where all the people retained their seats and admired the production of the choir. Surely it needs no words of mine to point out that there cannot be any worship in this, as the only reverent attitudes are either kneeling or standing."

Exit Mr. Bowley.

You see what a difficult fellow Bowley is! He first of all lays it down that we must worship through his throat, and then holds up his hands in amazement because people try to worship sitting down. In my opinion, Mr. Bowley, people do not try to worship sitting down. They sit down during the anthem as a sign that they have no part nor lot in it. This is the time when the choir has them beaten to a frazzle. If copies of the anthem, with music, were distributed throughout the church, Mr. Bowley would notice a good many people—if, by any extraordinary chance, his eyes ever wander towards the congregation—standing up and having a shot at it, myself among the number.

But copies of the anthem are not distributed among the congregation, so the congregation keep their seats and admire the performance of Mr. Bowley and his colleagues. I defy even the most pious person to feel acutely pious during the anthem. It simply can't be done. You wonder how often the composer's pet phrase will be repeated, and when the tenor or treble solo is coming. When the solo does come, you may see nine-tenths of the congregation craning their necks to discover whether William Bowley is singing it or James MacArthur. If the choir-stalls are out of their line of sight, they look at the latest fashions.

GOLFERS GROTESQUED — BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



III.—“J. H.”—J. H. TAYLOR (MID SURREY).

John Henry Taylor had his earliest opportunity of seeing a golf course in 1871, in which year he was born at Northam, in North Devon. Since then, goodness knows how many links he has seen, and how many have been his successes. Probably he himself could hardly say. Let us be content with chronicling but a few facts. 1894, 1895, 1900, and 1909 saw him winner of the Open Championship; 1896 saw him tie with Vardon; 1906 and 1907 saw him second. He has won the “News of the World” Tournament twice; and the French Open Championship twice. Eleven years ago he was second in the American Open Championship. He has been included in the English Professional Team in seven years.

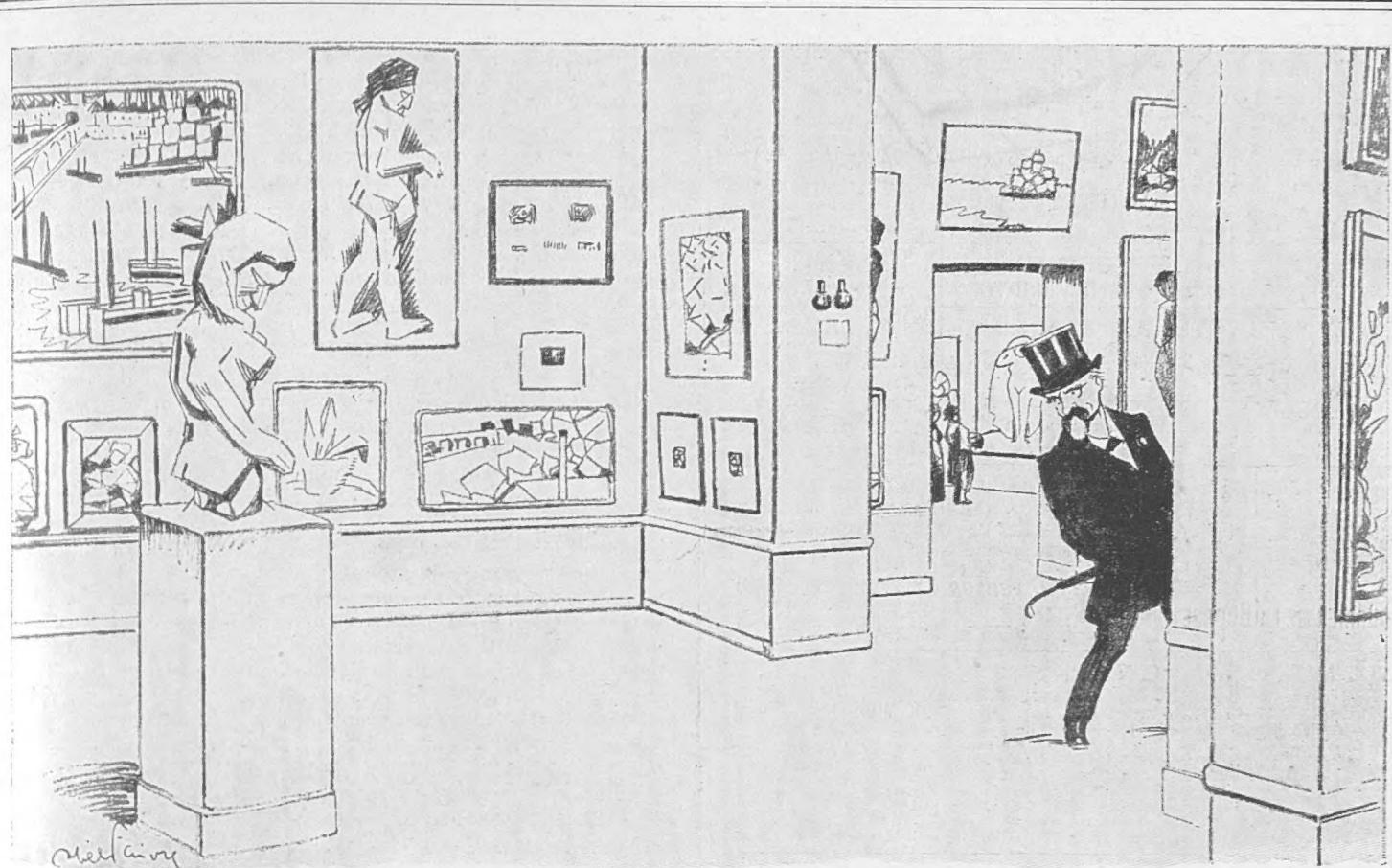
FLEET 'FLU — FROM FLEET STREET.



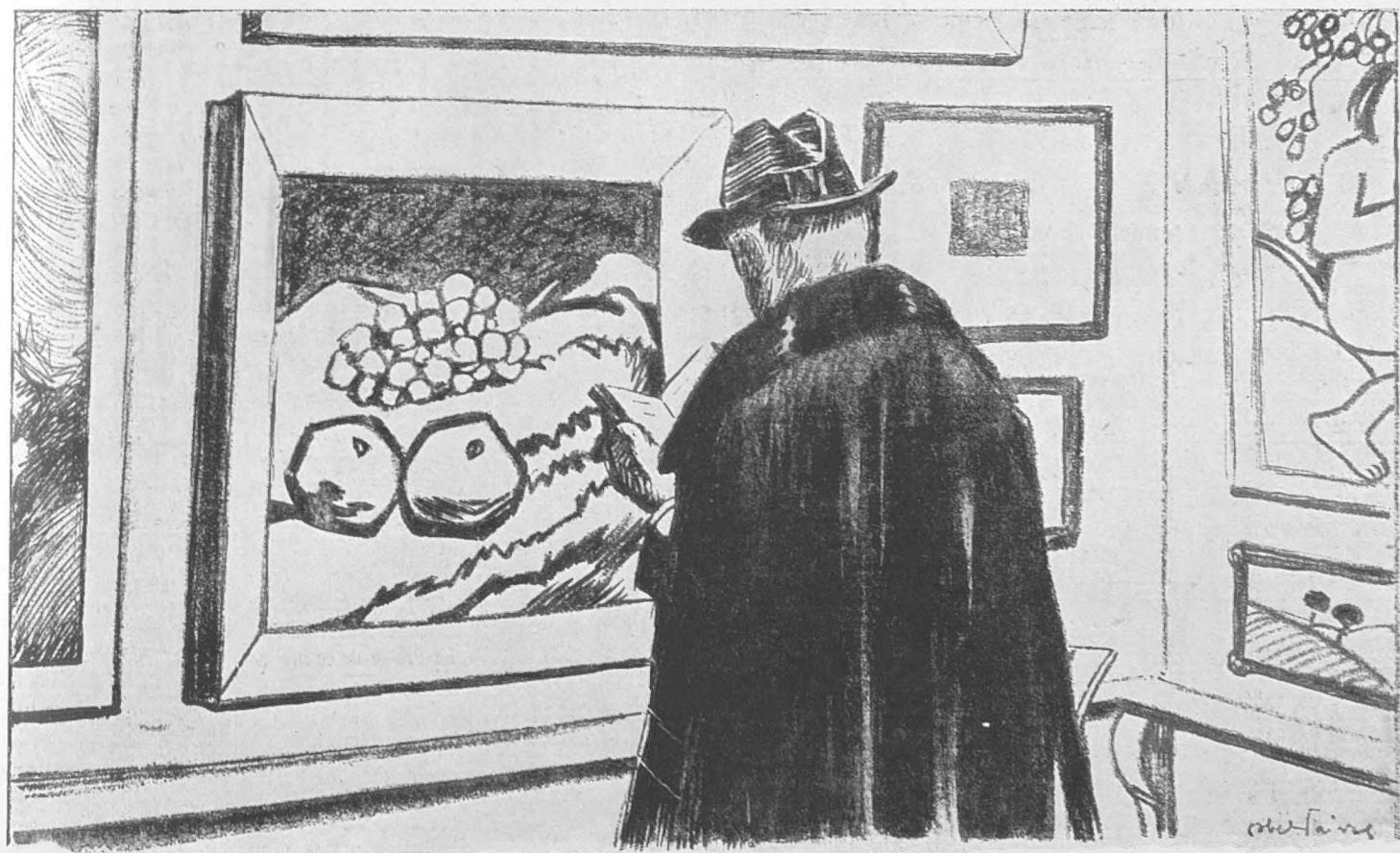
THAT SUDDEN HEART INFLUENZA: CAN THE CAUSES INCLUDE THESE?

Writing in the "Daily Mail" the other day "Our Medical Correspondent" said of this year's influenza: "The suddenness with which the victims are assailed and the noticeable tendency of the disease to undermine the heart's action are not encouraging signs. 'When heart-depression is the outstanding symptom of attacks, as is the case this year,' a West-End physician said yesterday, 'the public should remember that influenza, even in its mildest form, is a very dangerous disease. The only safe rule is to go to bed at once and give yourself up wholly to fighting the disease at the onset. When the heart is struggling against a virulent poison like the influenza toxin it must be relieved from all unnecessary fatigue. Therefore, stay in bed, at any rate until every trace of fever has passed off. To relieve the sometimes terrifying irregularity of the heart-beat five drops of sal-volatile in a little hot milk often act like a charm. But if the patient sets aside all business or other worries, keeps quiet in bed, and rests the digestive organs, as well as the heart, by keeping to a light milk diet for forty-eight hours after the onset of the attack, few medicines are needed. . . .'" Our Unmedical Correspondent suggests some causes of Fleet 'Flu.'

"CHIPPING" THE CUBISTS: THE NEW-ARTISTS AS BUTTS.



IN THE SALON CARRÉ—OF THE CUBISTS: "AS I MIGHT HAVE IMAGINED—NO GUARDIAN!"



BEFORE AN EXAMPLE OF CUBISM: "'NATURE MORTE'! AH, IT IS THE LIVING WHO SUFFER!"

Very naturally, Cubism and the Cubists—a subject we illustrated fully in our last issue—have provided the French humourists with yet another butt against which to launch the sharp shafts of their wit, and they have not failed to take aim as gaily as ever. Remark, for example, these cases of Cubist "chipping" by M. Abel Faivre. With regard to the first, it may be well to remind our readers that "La Gioconda" was stolen from the Salon Carré at the Louvre, and that it was stated by some that there were not nearly enough guardians in charge of the galleries, that there were times, indeed, during which rooms were left guardianless. The official shown by the caricaturist is scarcely surprised at the absence of guardians from the other Salon Carré—that filled by the works of the Cubists.

Reproduced from the "Figaro" by courtesy of the artist, M. Abel Faivre, and the Editor of that paper.

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TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

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THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

LONGMANS.	SMITH, ELDER.
The Mahatma and the Hare. 2s. 6d. net.	The Courtier Stoops. J. H. Yoxall. 6s.
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THE BODLEY HEAD.	CASSELL.
A Touch of Fantasy. A. H. Adams. 6s.	Warships and Their Story. B. A. Fletcher. 21s. net.

GENERAL NOTES.

A Divided House. "Mediocre music and magnificent dancing" was the general verdict of crowded houses during part of the opening of the Opera season. Opinions varied, however. There seemed, for instance, on the first night to be a decided difference of judgment between the boxes and the stalls, usually so politely of one mind. The boxes were decidedly cold, the first row of stalls was enthusiastic. Mr. Thomas Beecham, surrounded by friends, played the part of critic; instead of conducting the orchestra he conducted several animated conversations at the same time: Mr. Ricketts and Mr. Shannon delayed not a single night before returning to a spectacle over which they both, on their own confession, went sanely mad last season. Mr. Alfred de Rothschild (in the company of a large red carnation), Mrs. Cornwallis-West, Mrs. Anthony Drexel, Mrs. Hwfa Williams, the Duke and Duchess of Manchester, and Lady Cunard, with Mrs. Raymond Asquith, were also there. The Rutland box was without Lady Diana, who went instead to His Majesty's.

The Other Lord Clanricarde. Mr. John Dillon's denunciation of Lord Clanricarde falls on fairly hardened ground. Yet, if all the truth were known, Lord Clanricarde is not insensitive to the penalty he has to pay for his Irish possessions. It is inconvenient to have the name for being the most unpopular landlord in Ireland, where unpopular landlords, in the very nature of the case, are not rare. Apart from political reasons, his present willingness to sell is easily explained. When he is no longer a landlord, he will be again regarded as a man of ordinarily good heart. Writers of contemporary memoirs, like Lady Dorothy Nevill, will no longer have to defend him in print, and he will be able to live among his beloved Sèvres, his snuff-boxes, his Dutch pictures, in the peace of the Albany. To be ten minutes from Christie's is more to his liking than to be among his own unfriendly acres; to have an opinion on the "Venus" (that is not, he says, Velasquez's) is more vital to him than even the Birrellings of a whole session.

TO ARTISTS, AUTHORS, AND PHOTOGRAPHERS.

TO ARTISTS.—Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on its merits. Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement. Every drawing submitted must bear the name and address of the artist, and be fully titled.

TO AUTHORS.—The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to three thousand words in length), illustrated articles of a topical or general nature, and original jokes. Stories are paid for according to merit: general articles and jokes at a fixed rate.

TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.—In submitting Photographs, contributors are requested to state whether (a) such photographs have been previously published, (b) they have been sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright. With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No published photograph will be returned unless a special arrangement is made to that effect. The name and address of the sender must be written carefully on the back of each photograph submitted, and each print must be fully titled.

Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and Foreign—are particularly desired.

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GENERAL NOTICES.—Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor, and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their senders; but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage, destruction, or long detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent for his approval.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

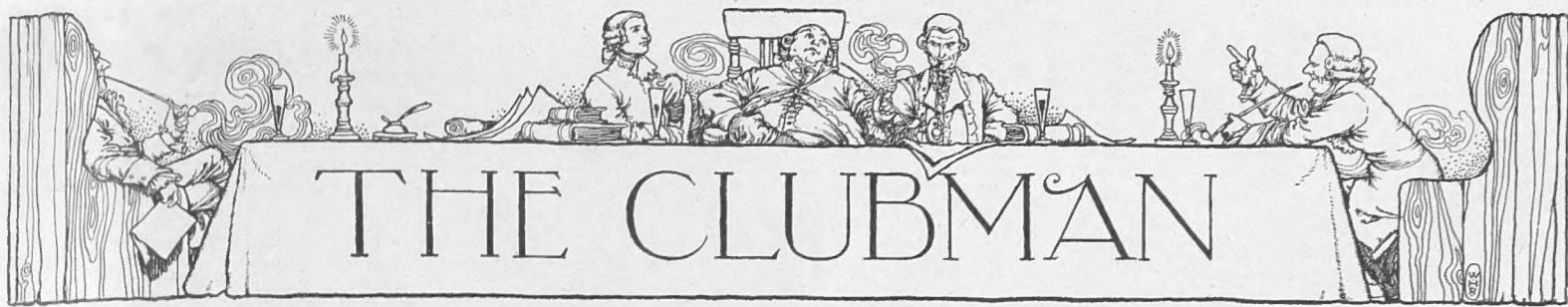
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The King's Body-guard in India. A hundred men of the Marine Artillery, the "Blue Marines," are to be the Bodyguard of the King-Emperor during his stay in India. This is a compliment to the Navy as the senior service, and it does not leave the Army out in the cold, for, as we all know, a Marine is both a soldier and a sailor. At first blush it seems a little strange that the King should take with him a bodyguard to a land which teems with his soldiers, but no doubt the task of choosing a bodyguard from amongst the troops in India presented all kinds of difficulties. Had the King-Emperor selected a bodyguard from any European regiment of horse or foot, all the other European regiments would have wondered why they were left out in the cold; and had the King looked to the native army for his bodyguard, as the Viceroy does, and the Governors of the great Provinces, there would have been jealousy as to its composition, for Brahmins and Sikhs and Pathans and Gurkhas all could advance claims to act as the "Nearest Guard." No doubt the young princes of the Nobles College will have some post of honour near the Sovereign at the Durbar, as they had near the Viceroy at Lord Curzon's Durbar. The painting was in the Silguy collection and is an oval measuring 58 x 48 centimetres. It is unfinished, but signed.



STOLEN A BOUCHER SKETCH OF GREAT VALUE—"NEPTUNE ET AMPHITRITE."

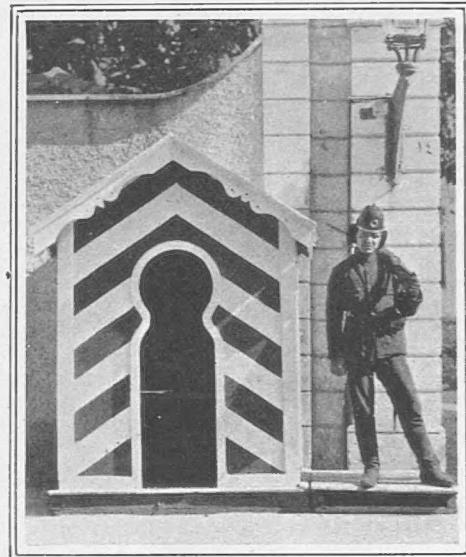
This very valuable Boucher sketch was stolen the other day from the Quimper Museum, which, curiously enough, possesses an interesting replica of the stolen "Gioconda." It is believed that it was taken just before closing time, by a man and a woman, the former wearing a thick overcoat, who could easily have removed it from its place on the wall near the door of the middle gallery. The picture's frame was left behind a curtain. The painting was in the Silguy collection and is an oval measuring 58 x 48 centimetres. It is unfinished, but signed.

Marine Artillery should be a proud body of men that the King has chosen his guard from amongst them in preference to his Household troops or his bluejackets.

War Rumours. When the fog of war descends upon operations, as it did at the commencement of the Italian descent upon Tripoli, the most extraordinary rumours gain credence in the capitals which are waiting for news and getting none. Any statement, however ridiculous, seems to be credited at once. In Constantinople it was firmly believed that the Italians had made an advance into the desert against the Turkish force a day after their landing, and had been defeated with loss. The Turk, as a rule, is a very level-headed gentleman, even when he is a speculator on the Stock Exchange, but none of the financiers in the Turkish capital seems to have asked whether such an advance could be possible. To send an expeditionary force even a couple of days' journey into the desert requires an immense amount of preparation. The Italians have no Suez Canal on the flank of their opponents, as we had when the transports took our soldiers by water almost to the battlefield of Tel-el-Kebir; and it would surprise any soldier if the Italians, with their soft, newly landed troops and scarcity of transport, could make any advance for a fortnight or more after they had landed. The Italian soldiers, who are in thick European clothes, could not march far in the great heat of the autumn in Tripoli, and, from the accounts of all the correspondents, the work of holding the entrenchments on the borders of the desert is trying enough without any marching to

accentuate the tortures of thirst and sunstroke, and a plague of flies.

Cholera. The dread word cholera peeps out in the dispatches from Tripoli, and both that fell disease and enteric fever are likely to be more dangerous enemies to the Italians in Tripoli than the Turks will be. Like all other Continental nations, all the preparations of the Italians are for some European war, and they send their men into the burning desert clothed and equipped as they would be for a campaign in the Alps. Great Britain makes innumerable mistakes in her campaigns, but in the last three centuries her armies have fought against antagonists in every continent and every climate, and when she sends out an expeditionary force she at least knows how to clothe her men, while India and South Africa have taught her doctors all that men know of the precautions to be taken against cholera and other scourges of tropical countries. The Italian soldiers newly landed, eating unripe fruit and drinking iced beer, seem to have done unwittingly the very things that would invite disease, and to crowd European soldiers into a native town lacking all sanitary precautions is to offer a target to the grisly invisible enemy. In India, when there is cholera in a cantonment, the regiment affected takes its camp kit and marches from camping-ground to camping-ground till the scourge has died out. The Italians are likely to find the open desert, for all its heat, a more healthy spot than the barracks of Tripoli.



WITH WEAPON NOT USUALLY CARRIED BY HIS KIND: AN ARMED TURKISH FIREMAN ON GUARD AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

It will be seen that the sentry-box is decidedly a misfit.

Photograph by L.N.A.



WAIT-AND-SEE FINANCE: THE HUNDRED-DOLLAR NOTE OF THE CHINESE REVOLUTIONARY GOVERNMENT.

It will be remarked that the Revolutionary Government promises to pay "after one year of its establishment in China." So, if you own such notes, you must wait and see what happens.

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.

competent to mete out justice to the Europeans at the Treaty Ports. I should doubt whether the Chinese revolutionaries would have sufficient patience to copy Japanese methods. The Manchu Government seems to have hoped to find a short cut through the civilising process by employing Japanese schoolmasters and drill-sergeants.



THE week in which Queen Alexandra and Princess Victoria were due in town witnessed a general renewal of activities.

The Duke of Norfolk came to Norfolk House; the Marquess of Crewe to Crewe House (whole-roofed again) from Chatsworth, the camp of the enemy; the Earl of Ronaldshay is back from Ross-shire; the Earl of Portarlington is returned to 37, Chesham Place from Emo Park; now 44, Bryanston Square has fires in its grates

again and the genial presence of the Earl of Longford. Viscount and Viscountess Midleton, Lord Tweedmouth, and Lord and Lady Pentland have also resumed London; and the Marquess and Marchioness of Breadalbane, though these were too late for the first night of the Opera, made, therefore, the opening of Parliament their objective. So,

too, has Lord Ninian Crichton-Stuart, M.P., who has recovered his health in Normandy. But he found an additional inducement to return to the city of autumnal fogs in the marriage of his brother-in-law, Lord Gormanston, to Miss Eileen Butler.

ENGAGED TO MISS SYBIL HAMILTON-HOARE: MR. GERARD M. HILDYARD.

Mr. Hildyard is a barrister, and the second of the three sons of General Sir Henry J. Thoroton Hildyard, a former Director-General of Military Education, and General Officer Commanding-in-Chief in South Africa for three years from 1905. [Photo, Swaine.]

Mending China. The military clubs are frankly contemptuous of Chinese militarism, and, in the less enlightened corners of Pall Mall, China will always be thought of only as the home of pigtails and of monosyllables. But the arm-chair colonel has not, as it happens, advanced the interests of England in the East; the German method is wiser. General Yin Chang has strong German interests and sympathies, backed by the admiration of the Kaiser. And Mrs. Yin Chang is a German. Here we are less apt to give to the Chinaman either a thought or a wife. Admiral Sah Chen Ping, when lately in England, was received courteously; but how few English naval men took the trouble to discover anything about him! He, on the other hand, speaks English almost as

well as Lord Fisher, has a band that plays him European music on his flag-ship, and is a gentleman according to the precepts of two civilisations. Dr. Sun Yat Sen, the leader of the rebellion, might also be well known in London if London had shown any interest in his presence. His English, also, is irreproachable.

TO MARRY MAJOR G. J. HARDRESS STEVENSON: MISS JESSIE MANLEY-SIMS.

Miss Manley-Sims is the younger daughter of the late Mr. F. Manley-Sims, F.R.C.S.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.

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A Remembering Admiral.

To the few Englishmen who know China well the newspapers at present are extremely interesting. Admiral Sir Edward Seymour, whose own book of memoirs is still on the current

shelf in the clubs, now receives at the hands of the journalists a return for his own lively pages. The Boxer rising made China one of the chief fields of his activities. But he was never a man who had to go in search of adventures: like the genius in all life's departments, he always found at hand what others go out to look for. His memories go far back, even to the time when he and a messmate tossed a penny as to which of them should jump overboard, dressed just as they were, the other to go after to save him. "It fell to my lot to go first, which, of course, I did," says Sir Edward, without further comment. This part of the episode he might have forgotten—but never the Captain's wigging.

The Body's Equipoise. As far as London is concerned,

the science and art of balance has, for the time being, lost its mistress. Mrs. Roger Watts has left her pupils disconsolate, and gone to Paris. But she gathered them together at the Albert Hall before going, and gave them the last word on the poise of body that works

for the even balance of the mind. Sir Sidney Colvin, with Lady Colvin, of whose profile we all remember Stevenson saying that it was a liberal education, listened among the lovers of Greek deportment. Lady Mary Elwes, the wife of a musician, was instructed in the tuning-up of nerve and tendon; and Mrs. Garvin, another disciple, knows that columns are not found only in newspapers: a pretty neck, held prettily, is more valuable than all the marbles of Ionia. The pupil who most regrets Mrs. Watts's departure is quite a beginner: "I have had no time to learn anything, and have lost three inches into the bargain!" Mrs. Watts forbids her votaries to wear heels.

New Men, New Manners.

Viscountess Midleton, presiding the other day at a meeting in support of Women's Suffrage, had a noble background for her maiden politics. Mrs. G. F. Watts lent the picture-gallery, Compton, for the purpose, and there, among the canvases of the greatest idealist of the age, the ideals of the cause were put forth in their sincerest and most earnest aspect by Lord Lytton and other speakers hardly less picturesque. Lady Midleton is the daughter of Lady St. Helier, who remembers (we believe it only on her own word) the time when neither actors nor doctors were invited to the tables of Society! One of Lady Midleton's ambitions is to enter a polling-booth with her mother to record their votes.



ENGAGED TO MR. GERARD MORESBY THOROTON HILDYARD: MISS SYBIL HAMILTON-HOARE. Miss Hamilton-Hoare is the daughter of Mr. H. W. Hamilton-Hoare, late Assistant Secretary to the Board of Education.

Photograph by Swaine.



WELL KNOWN IN INDIA: MRS. G. H. PLINSTON.

Mrs. Plinston, whose marriage took place on the 17th, at Christ Church, Mayfair, was Miss Natalie Neumann. Mr. Plinston, who is in the 11th Rajputs, is the son of the editor of the "Bombay Gazette."

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.



WIFE OF THE ITALIAN AMBASSADOR IN PARIS: MME. TITTONI.

Mme. Tittoni's husband was Italian Ambassador to this country for a short time only, but is very well known in London. In point of fact, Signor Tittoni was accredited to the Court of St. James's in 1906, only to be reappointed a few weeks later Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

He went to Paris last year.

Photograph by Boissonnas and Taponier.

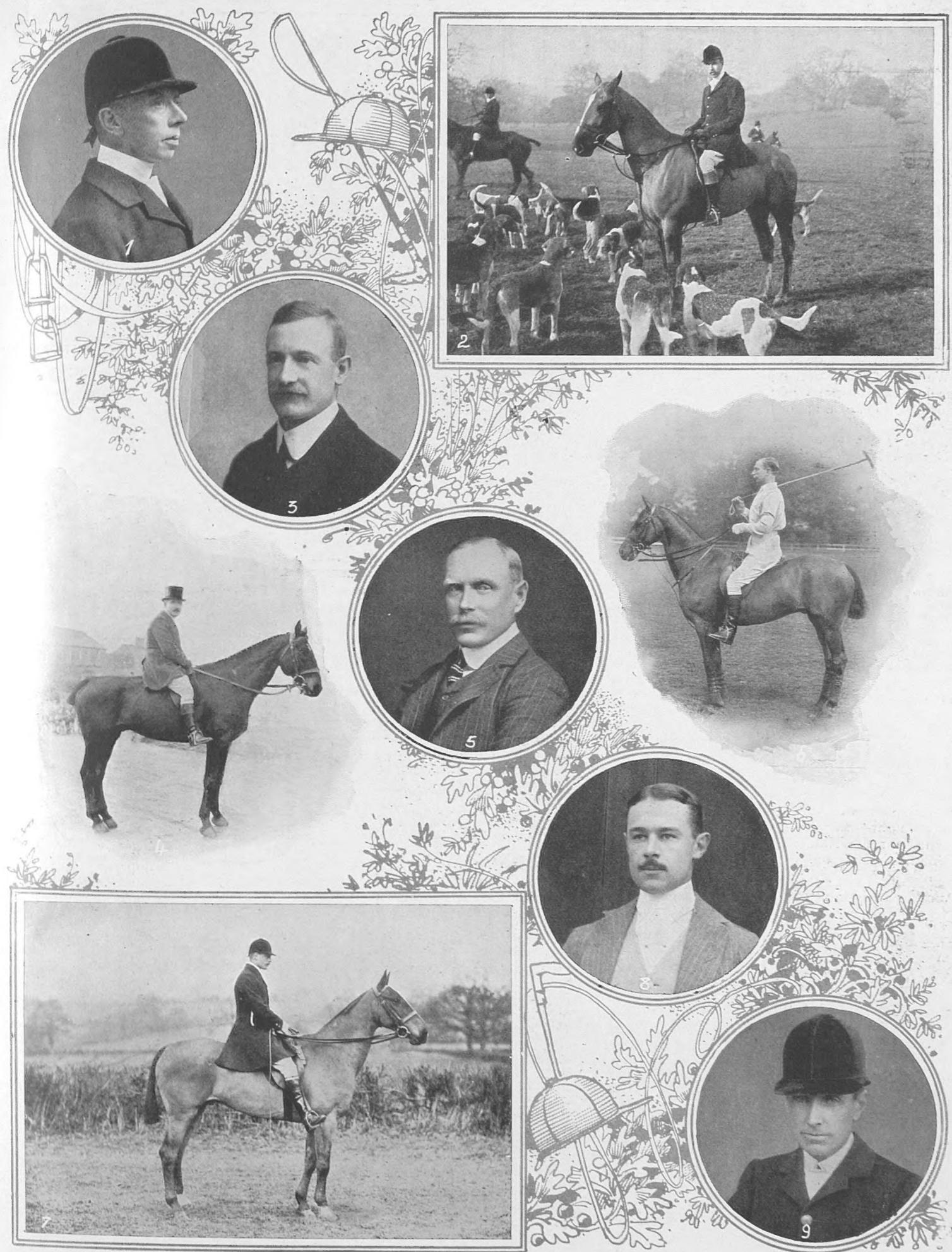


TO MARRY MISS JESSIE MANLEY-SIMS: MAJOR G. J. HARDRESS STEVENSON.

The wedding is to take place on the 28th, at St. Peter's, Cranley Gardens.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.

NEW MASTERS: CHANGES AMONG THE M.F.H.s.



1. MR. JOHN DUNVILLE (SUCCESSOR TO LORD FINGALL): MEATH.
2. MR. T. BOUCH (JOINT MASTERSHIP FORMED): AATHERSTONE.
3. MR. S. SLATER (SUCCESSOR TO MR. M. H. SALAMAN): EXMOOR.
4. MR. N. H. LAMBERT (SUCCESSOR TO LORD SOUTHAMPTON): EAST KILKENNY.
5. MR. J. A. COOKE HURLE (SUCCESSOR TO MR. W. DE P. CAZENOVE, AND JOINT MASTER WITH MAJOR E. F. COOKE HURLE): NEW FOREST.

6. MR. W. ROYLANC COURT (SUCCESSOR TO THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER, AND JOINT MASTER WITH MAJOR HIGSON): CHESHIRE.
7. MR. FREDERICK MILBANK (SOLE MASTER ON ACCOUNT OF DEATH OF MR. H. J. ALLCROFT): LUDLOW.
8. MR. J. FIELDEN (JOINT MASTER): WARWICKSHIRE.
9. MR. W. N. BARRY (SOLE MASTER, ON RETIREMENT OF MR. W. L. BELL): DUHALLOW.

On this and on the following page we give portraits of some of the new Masters of Hunts who have recently come into office. One of the most notable changes in the foxhunting world is the retirement of the Duke of Westminster from the Mastership of the Cheshire. That country is now to be under the joint control of Mr. Roylance Court and Major Higson, who will hunt six days a week, the subscription being slightly increased. In the Ludlow country Mr. Frederick Milbank resumes the sole Mastership of the Hunt, owing to the death of his late colleague, Mr. H. J. Allcroft.—[Photographs by Elliott and Fry, Poole, Muntz, and Sport and General.]



CUFF COMMENTS

By WADHAM PEACOCK. WITH THUMBNAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW.

THE Bishop of London, who is a bachelor, is much distressed that the birth-rate is falling off among the more prudent and sensible classes. But as the State penalises the married man and father of the middle classes with cumulative rates and taxes, it is surely only right to abstain from doing what our masters obviously consider criminal.

Mme. Karin Michaelis, the Danish author, proposes that all parents should insure their daughters against a divorce. That's all very well in its way, but what parents want first of all is to insure their daughters getting married.

"We have a shock of disappointment," says the *Lady's Pictorial*, "at seeing the portraits of Mary Queen of Scots and Ninon de l'Enclos." So we do; but that is probably more the fault of the artist than of the lady.



German statisticians calculate that there are seven thousand centenarians in Europe, of whom over three quarters live in the Balkans. It is the youthful energy of these babies which is always getting Europe into hot water.

Talking of men's adoption of feminine modes, the *Outfitter* says: "Men also turn up the ends of trousers to reveal their elegant socks." Surely this can only refer to the eccentricities of the defunct harem skirt.

Colchester is going to place mirrors at a dangerous street-corner in order to diminish the number of accidents. No doubt Colchester means well, but if on market day the local Percy admiring his new tie does not collide with all the rustic maidens who want to see if their hats are on straight—why, then Colchester ought to be stuffed for the Natural History Museum in Far South Kensington.

Another early copy of *The Sketch* has been discovered in France in the library of a cave man. It contains the portrait of a gentleman engraved on a bone. Even in the Bone Age they had a high appreciation of art in France.



THE LAST FLY OF SUMMER.

(The wicked little boy of the last century who used to be rebuked for killing flies has now grown up to be a medical man and a confirmed swatter of the germ-bearing pests.)

In the remote Victorian age
We always used to read
That little boys who killed a fly
Were very bad indeed.
Good books would prove on every page
Such boys must needs descend
The path of crime, till by and by
The gallows was their end.

But now the scientists are wild,
And cry with one accord,
"Slay, kill—in Yankee parlance, swat
The flies' unhallowed horde."
So, Tommy, you bloodthirsty child,
You now are right as rain,
There is the last fly of the lot—
Go, squash it on the pane.



LOST BALL!

(The *Field* states that at Balmoral a distinguished member of the King's staff held his ball in a cow's ear. Here is a suggestion for approaching a cow diplomatically in a similar case.)

Prithee, gentle cow, are you concealing
Anywhere, in joke, my missing ball?
It's not that I'm accusing
you of stealing—
That's not what I'd insinuate at all.



Lower not your horns in threatening
fashion—

The *Field* is much too stately to invent.
Be calm like me, and don't get in a
passion—

My query is, in truth, a compliment.

Barbers are threatening not to cut the
hair of men who use
safety razors. They
forget that with most
people the really im-
portant thing is having
any hair to cut. "Keep
your hair on" is a
much more popular
commandment than
"Get your hair cut."

Gently, cow! Come, do not let us
quarrel.
I fancied, as you happened to be
near,
You might, like your relation at Bal-
moral,
Have got my missing pilule in your
ear.



Spitzbergen is not
merely a barren snow desert, for great quantities of
excellent coal have been discovered there. And a capital place
for coal, too. The Spitzbergers will now be able to enjoy the
luxury of fried fish.

When next you are going to use "succulent bivalve" instead of
oyster, do not yield to temptation. Think of the noble simplicity
of the late Professor Huxley's language: "A
sapid and slippery morsel, like a flash of
gustatory summer lightning." That's even
better than an oyster.



Lady Duff-Gordon thinks that it is quite
easy to cure oneself of hopeless love. All one
has to do is to dis-
miss all thoughts of
the faithless woman
from one's mind,
and the rest is easy.
Quite so. The "rest"
is easy enough; it is
the dismissing that
is the trouble.



Massa Johnson
has a great career
before him as a diplo-
matist. Of a certain Rev. Parker he
says, "Stanley Parker is simply look-
ing for notoriety." Lesser men would
have said that he was looking for trouble, or even for a thick ear.

Fashion Note.—The flat foot
must be built up, for if it is left
flat it will not look elegant. From
"How to Cut Out Your Own
Feet," by a Self-Made Woman.

M. Maeterlinck has bet a
couple of thousand francs that
he will land at New York and
reach Boston without being in-
terviewed by reporters. M. Maeterlinck will not win the Nobel
Prize for knowledge of America.
All the best interviews in the
American Press never took place.

NEW MASTERS: CHANGES AMONG THE M.F.H.s.



1. MR. N. W. LODER (SUCCESSOR TO MR. V. P. MISA): SOUTHDOWN.
2. MR. M. C. ALBRIGHT (SUCCESSOR TO MR. R. G. EVERARD): SOUTH HEREFORDSHIRE.
3. LORD SOUTHAMPTON (SUCCESSOR TO MR. W. FORBES): HURWORTH.
4. MR. A. BLAKISTON (SUCCESSOR TO MR. J. A. COOKE HURLE AND MAJOR E. F. COOKE HURLE): LAMERTON.
5. CAPTAIN H. MALET (SUCCESSOR TO CAPTAIN W. V. FABER): TEDWORTH.
6. MR. H. STRAKER (SUCCESSOR TO LORD ZETLAND): ZETLAND.

7. MR. C. SELBY-LOWNDES (SUCCESSOR TO MR. H. F. STURDY): BURSTOW.
8. CAPTAIN IAN BELLOUGH (SOLE MASTER AND SUCCESSOR TO MR. BINGHAM AND CAPTAIN PEACOCKE): MUSKERRY.
9. MR. J. PICKERSGILL (JOINT MASTER WITH MR. W. BURDON; SUCCESSORS TO MR. N. W. LODER): GALWAY CO.
10. MR. J. M. MOLYNEUX McCOWEN (SUCCESSOR TO SIR HARRY WAECHTER): CHIDDINGFOLD.

The retirement of Lord Zetland is a great loss to the hunting world. For the last thirty-five years his name has appeared in the list of Masters of Foxhounds, and his great services to the sport will never be forgotten in the North Country, where the pack will still be known by his name. The task of filling Lord Zetland's place has been undertaken by Mr. Herbert Straker, who has been the Hunt Secretary for seventeen years. In the neighbouring Hurworth Hunt Lord Southampton succeeds Mr. William Forbes, who has just completed a very successful Mastership of twenty-three seasons. Lord Southampton will act as his own huntsman, as he did in East Kilkenny, with excellent results.—[Photographs by Stearn, Hills and Saunders, Poole, West, Bullingham, Elliott and Fry, and Fisk Moore.]



By E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

A Revival. "Lady Windermere's Fan" has been put on at the St. James's Theatre to mark time till the next new play is ready, and, alas! time marks "Lady Windermere's Fan." Sir George Alexander is taking a rest, and Lord Windermere is excellently played by Mr. Dawson Milward. It would take a very great deal to render the behaviour of that misunderstood hero quite credible; at any rate Mr. Milward makes him firm and quiet, and gentlemanlike in deportment, and that is all which can be asked. Miss Lilian Braithwaite again plays Lady Windermere very earnestly and with no little charm, as is proper; and Mr. Eric Lewis is really excellent as the foolish Lord Augustus. But it was to Miss Marion Terry that the warmest welcome was given, for she was the original Mrs. Erlynne, and everybody was delighted to see her playing her old part with all her old graciousness; and though the lady always was, and still is, difficult to understand, there is no doubt that her self-sacrifice and her maternal tenderness are theatrically effective. Of course the play is rather quaint as a play; but it is still effective as a medium for firing off paradoxes; and if these paradoxes now seem rather worn with age—theirs was not the kind of wit which is immortal—yet they call up pleasant recollections of the days when they were young and fresh and seemed good to hear; whilst much of the serious dialogue has a wonderful style.

The Oncomers' Society. A matinée was given at the Little Theatre last week by a Society known as "The Oncomers": one always goes to these affairs with the hope that something may have been discovered that was worth presenting. The hope was disappointed this time, for "The Mother," by Olive Lethbridge, is a stagey little melodrama, and "Lady Venborough's Fan," by E. M. Thorpe, as a comedy is impossible. The original idea, that of a young widow, who had despised her husband's intellect, suddenly finding some good verses which she thought were his, and devoting herself to a life of atonement, is very far-fetched, and was worked out without much originality or any but the most simple forms of humour. Mr. W. H. Hargreaves and Miss Christine Raynor acted cleverly, but there was little opportunity given to any of the players.

The Successful Honeymoon. It appears that "The Honeymoon" is going to last a good deal longer than the allotted span of vulgar honeymoons, yet it started troubolously. Most of us were hard upon it. "Too much talk," said one; "Mere puppet characters," urged another; "No human nature," alleged the third; and one went so far as to pretend that it has no humour—that, in fact, the author of "The Card" and "Buried Alive" is lacking in humour: I should not like to say in

cold print what that critic lacks. The affair was a little quaint, and yet it only exhibits our custom. We implore every successful novelist to step across the footlights, and when he steps across we bludgeon him; we feel instinctively that he is an intruder, unless, as sometimes happens when he steps across that vanishing line, he succeeds in losing all his freshness and originality. When he does that we are enthusiastic about the new recruit. The charge that the characters are mere puppets, stale dolls of the stage, interested me much. I rack my memory for an anticipation of the part of Flora Lloyd, the merry widow of the play, the little woman with cool brain and warm blood, very much in love with her second husband, but contemptuous of the poet's "world well lost for love." Selfish, perhaps; rather fatuous, possibly; a pleasure-seeking Pagan certainly, but a real flesh-and-blood creature, with no counterpart in the many plays I have seen and read: nothing of the puppet or stale doll here, but a creature as truly imagined as the figures in the author's amazing novels of "The Five Towns." Unpoetic maybe, yet if you do not mind a little note of vulgarity, quite a woman to live with after the honeymoon was over.

Miss Marie Tempest— The part and Miss Marie Tempest suited and Others. one another perfectly. It might have been a "bespoke" play; but I am all for ready-made plays and "bespoke" clothes, and prefer to think that the actress fashioned herself to the character, and not that the author cut it to fit. It is only in grammar that there is a *plus que parfait*, and so, having said that Miss Tempest is perfect, I make no further effort at praise. There was other excellent acting—that of Mr. Bert Thomas as the urbane, self-advertising Bishop; that of Mr. Dion Boucicault as a hen-pecked husband, able to be happy by standing outside himself and laughing at the humours of his own position. I confess Miss Kate



THE FRENCH ACTOR LOOKING JAPANESE. M. DE MAX AS TOKERAMO IN "LE TYPHON," AT THE THÉÂTRE SARAH BERNHARDT, PARIS.

It was said recently that M. de Max, the famous French actor, was to appear before long at the Rehearsal Theatre, Maiden Lane, which is in the hands of the Théâtre Moderne de Londres. That is not so; but it is a fact that the organisation mentioned is in negotiation with a well-known West-End house as from January, that M. de Max may appear there in "La Sorcière." The leading lady of the company engaged by the "Théâtre Moderne" is Mlle. Juliette Mylo. The season is to last three months.

DRAWN BY M. GEORGES SCOTT.

Sergeantson was a little bit of a bore on the first night and a trifle slow and pompous. The rendering was true enough and clever, but she forced the play somewhat out of gear. It would be no bad thing if Mr. Dennis Eadie and Mr. Graham Browne were to change parts, for the latter would no doubt be successful in the little piece of character brilliantly rendered by the former; whilst as the aviator Mr. Dennis Eadie would be immeasurably better, seeing that he possesses the weight and the charm which the part demands and does not get. The Swiss waiter was rather heavily handled by the actor, and seemed a somewhat extravagant invention—still, he assisted in the humours of a remarkably amusing first act. Rather curious fact, by the way, that some of the critics praised the first and blamed the last act, and others did exactly the opposite.

THE BALLERINA IN HER BEAUTY: Mlle. TAMARA KARSAVINA.



NOW QUEENING IT AT COVENT GARDEN: Mlle. TAMARA KARSAVINA, THE FAMOUS RUSSIAN DANCER.

Mlle. Tamara Karsavina is the ballerina of the Russian Ballet during the first two weeks of the Covent Garden season which began on the 17th. For the second fortnight that position will be held by Mlle. Pavlova, in the third by Mlle. Kchessinska, while in the fourth Mlle. Karsavina and Mlle. Kchessinska are to appear together. In addition to the parts in which she has already made herself famous, Mlle. Karsavina is to appear as Echo in "Narcisse," one of the novelties of this season, by Professor Tcherepnine, composer of "Le Pavillon d'Armide." On the opening night of the season, the 17th, Mlle. Karsavina took the name-part in "Giselle," and that of Zobeide in "Sheherazade," and her dancing aroused as much enthusiasm as on her previous visits to London. She has since appeared as Armide in "Le Pavillon d'Armide," and as Columbine in "Le Carnaval."



CROWNS·CORONETS·COURTIERS

EVERYBODY prophesied that the King would carry himself at Newmarket as one devoted to the Turf. And so it happens that, after observing him there, most people are convinced that he is in truth a racing-man, and that he, or his reporters, have been mistaken in thinking otherwise over a long course of years. For King George whole-heartedly makes good his pledges to the tradition and memory of the late King. "Are we as welcome as ever?" was the first query put by the cynic into the mouths of King Edward's friends when King George came to the throne. In some cases, at any rate, it has not gone long unanswered in the affirmative. His Majesty's visit to Cora Countess of Strafford and Mr. Kennard is the latest avowal of a policy of continuity in the friendships of the Throne.

The Revolt of the Dowagers. Cora Countess of Strafford was helped to her decision to keep her title

after her marriage by a very natural liking for a very pretty name. It is a feeling that goes a long way in such matters; and the disinclination for "dowager" is, naturally, never so strong as with the women who were fortunate in their christenings. The list of the reluctant dowagers makes a very attractive one: Cora Countess of Strafford, Priscilla Countess of Annesley, Cassandra Countess of Rosse—these, and many more, have had good reason for upholding their titular distinctions. It is not only the fear of an ugly and dowdy word that makes them refuse to be dowagers. "Mother" is neither ugly nor dowdy, but Queen Alexandra refused it because she was loath to relinquish her own fine and familiar name.

The Ruling Name. For Queen Alexandra bears a name fitting for the consort of an Emperor, and knows it. A Zita has quite other reasons for

at baptism they have been placed under the patronage of St. Zita, an Italian girl who got her sanctity in a thirteenth-century kitchen. She was no more than a "general" of the period; no martyr at the stake, but only of steaks—a holy maid-of-all-work who tended the oven. And Zita is the name, and St. Zita the patroness, of the betrothed princess who may well in the future be Empress of Austria-Hungary. And this transference of the

TO MARRY MAJOR L. KENNARD, LATE OF THE 15TH HUSSARS;
MISS DAISIE DE POMEROY.

Miss Daisie de Pomeroy is the adopted daughter of Mrs. Rufford, of Upper Berkeley Street. Major L. Kennard was formerly in the 15th Hussars.

Photograph by Lattie Charles.

name from the buttery to the boudoir is really rather significant, since the seat of every household's government is now in the kitchen.



TO MARRY THE HON. THOMAS VESEY ON THE 28TH: LADY CECILY BROWNE.

Lady Cecily Browne is the daughter of the Earl and Countess of Kenmare. The Hon. Thomas Vesey is a brother of Viscount de Vesci, and is in the Irish Guards. The wedding is to take place at St. Mary's, Cadogan Street.

Photograph by Swaine.



MR. J. E. PRESGRAVE, HAVEY AND MISS GLADYS MAY HEWITT, WHO ARE TO BE MARRIED ON THE 25TH.

Miss Hewitt is the third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. Hughes Hewitt, of Red Hatch, Camberley, Surrey. Mr. Havey is the elder son of Major and Mrs. Havey, of 6, Cadogan Gardens. [Photographs by Lafayette.]

Books and Titles. Lady Alix Egerton has seen her new volume of verse through the press, given an eye to the colour of her binding, received the compliments of her happy publishers, and, most momentous of all, chosen her title. We hardly have the heart to tell her that it has already been used. But, no—not quite! Julian Sturgis called a volume "John a' Dreams"; Lady Alix's is "John o' Dreams." Another lady with a book and a title is Lady Napier of Magdala. Hers is a new novel. Her first, published six years ago, was called "A Stormy Morning." Lord Napier, it is pointed out, literally owes his title to the stormy morning that resulted in his father's capture of Magdala.

Roy and Viceroy. A Viceroy does, in a sense, lose his state in the presence of his King, just as an Ambassador ceases to be master in his Embassy the moment his ruler enters its door. India will hold no prouder nor more useful man than Lord Hardinge when King George treads its shore.

He has been learning things that no blue-book discloses during his tour of the provinces. He can instruct his Majesty in all the peculiar pleasures or trials that beset the traveller in the East. He has decided views on the attractions of anything Indian, and he can tell his master if *pansupari* is agreeable to the European palate. This last is areca-nut in slices, with chunam and spices, rolled in a betel-leaf, and is given to visitors on occasions of ceremony. Of late it has become as familiar to Lord Hardinge as a peanut to Mr. Taft.

Looking the Lent Horse in the Mouth. The generosity of owners who lend pictures to the public sometimes meets with rather doubtful rewards. Lord Derby sent his Rembrandt to the Grafton Galleries in the kindness of his heart and

the belief that it was a fine example of the master. But the critics, by some curious reversal of opinions hitherto respected, will have none of it. Dr. Bode's name is given in the catalogue in support of its authenticity. Two years ago that would have been sufficient guarantee; now it only makes the critic suspicious—or even waxy. But the truth remains, and Lord Derby takes comfort in it, that the picture is a splendid work, and may also actually be from Rembrandt's brush.

Similarly has Lady Jekyll's Giotto been challenged, but this was less of a surprise. "They will tell me it does not even belong to me next," she says plaintively. In that case, of course, it would undoubtedly be Hyde's.



TO MARRY MR. CHARLES REMINGTON MILLS ON THE 24TH: MISS CYNTHIA FINLAY.

Miss Cynthia Finlay is the only daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Alexander Finlay, of Little Brickhill Manor, Bletchley, Bucks.

Photograph by Ruta Martin.



MISS MARYEL A. MACGREGOR, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO PROFESSOR ERNEST P. MAGRUDER WAS ARRANGED FOR THE 23RD.

Miss Maryel A. MacGregor is the youngest daughter of Lady Helen MacGregor, of Einchinip, Balquidder, Perthshire. Her marriage to Professor Ernest Pendleton Magruder, A.B., A.M., M.D., of Maryland and Washington, U.S.A., was fixed to take place on the 23rd at Edinburgh.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

SEEKING A SECOND FORTY-POUNDER? SPORT ON THE SPEY.



THE DUKE OF RICHMOND AND GORDON'S FISHING PARTY AT GORDON CASTLE:
LADY BERNARD GORDON-LENOX SALMON-FISHING.

Before her marriage, which took place in 1907, Lady Bernard Gordon-Lennox was known as the Hon. Evelyn Loch, daughter of the first Baron Loch. Lord Bernard Charles Gordon-Lennox is the youngest of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon's three sons by his first marriage, and was born in 1878. He is a Captain in the Grenadier Guards, Assistant Military Secretary to the General Officer Commanding the Northern Command, and an F.R.G.S. He served in South Africa in 1900. Lord and Lady Bernard Gordon-Lennox have one son, born in 1908. Fishing in the Spey recently, Lady Bernard Gordon-Lennox contrived to catch a forty-pounder; while Lady Evelyn Cetterell, the Duke of Richmond's eldest daughter, landed forty-one fish in twelve days. The largest of these weighed thirty-four pounds.—[Photograph by C.N.]



IN these columns, on more than one occasion, I have advocated a sweeping reduction in the present price of concert tickets, and the need for change has been recognised at last in musical circles. But for the fact that we are a very conservative people, the striking success of the

Promenade Concerts at the Queen's Hall would have been a sufficiently powerful plea for establishing music on a more democratic basis in the Metropolis. Long years have been required for the lesson to be taken to heart; managers have been content to ignore the annual repetition of a powerful argument, while they cheerfully charged seven shillings and sixpence, or even half-a-guinea, for seats that have not always the redeeming quality of comfort. When the general public has stayed away from the costly reservations in the concert-hall, the seats have been given away to those who will go anywhere if they can get there for nothing. It is quite a common sight to see a notice put up over the box-office to inform music-lovers that no seats costing less than five shillings or seven-and-six remain for sale, to see people who cannot spare so much moving regretfully away, and to find the stalls no more than half or two parts filled, and for the most part with "paper." On these occasions the management have turned-away money to the loss of all concerned; although there may be business men at the head of affairs, they have chosen

to give free passes to the stalls rather than to pull the price down to the level set by the general public, which, very rightly, refuses to pay top theatre prices for an entertainment that can be presented at a comparatively small outlay, and is quite free from all the extraneous expenses that beset the theatrical manager, who must lay out very large sums for scenery, dresses, acting-rights, and the rest, in addition to his rent, light, orchestra, and theatre upkeep. In every European capital save London music is cheap as well as good; consequently, it enters into the life of the general public, reaching classes that the greatest city of the world has only learned to cater for spasmodically. If people could get an evening's amusement for the price they pay at the doors of the picture theatre they would, in all probability, be quick to take it. In the old days of the famous Saturday Afternoon Concerts at the Crystal Palace, good seats could be bought for sixpence, and even in the latter days these seats were always filled; but there would appear to be a clause in the conditions under which the Queen's Hall is let for concerts to prevent the sale of seats at this figure. Mr. Landon Ronald, who has taken up the question of cheap seats, would appear to have said that such a proviso compels him to charge one shilling for his cheapest seats, and this, considering the place and the reduced purchasing value of money, is not too high.

But the energetic Principal of the Guildhall School is determined to strike a blow at the old system of high prices, and his forthcoming series of concerts with the New Symphony Orchestra will be associated with a reduction. No seat is to cost more than five

shillings, and this is a big step in the right direction; it should serve to reduce to small proportions the number of "complimentary" tickets, and to gather a following of genuine music-lovers to the stalls. It must be very annoying to those few who pay extravagantly high prices for their seats to know that a large number of their neighbours have paid a shilling less than the people in the gallery.

If this paper were designed to give annoyance or offence rather than to point out a fault into which managers of musical entertainment have fallen, it would be easy to name the orchestras that can always fill the cheaper parts of a big concert-hall, and can only sell the rest of the house when there is something very new or sensational to offer. It would be possible to name occasions when people with a few shillings to spend have been turned away, while those whose expenditure is limited to the sixpenny tax for a more or less futile programme, with its extraordinary enthusiasms and occasional lapses from the broad highway of the King's English, have been freely admitted. At the same time, it is apparent to all who trouble to think about the matter that as long

as our musical progress is to depend, even in part, upon those who do nothing more for music than to fill seats that would, otherwise, advertise their large price and small comfort, we shall not go far.

In estimating the cost of giving new music a trial the management, under existing conditions, must rule out as a negligible quantity the greater part of its stalls, while if they could be sold at a fair price, they would pay at least for those extra rehearsals which are so often omitted now on the score of expense. Indeed, it would be no bad thing if the public were admitted for a small payment to the final rehearsals. There are hundreds of ambitious amateurs who could learn more about orchestral combinations and correct phrasing from a rehearsal than they can hope to gather from the finished performance. Perhaps when the first reform has been adopted, it may be found possible to give this point consideration. Admission to rehearsals would have a certain good effect upon the orchestra itself and would open another avenue to musical education, while adding, however slightly, to the orchestra's receipts. If a rehearsal could not be given in a large concert-hall under semi-public conditions it would not be difficult to find a small one, for the audience would



TO GIVE A VIOLIN RECITAL AT THE AEOLIAN HALL,
MISS MARGARET PRIOR.

Miss Prior, the clever young violinist who is to give a recital at the Aeolian Hall on the 7th of next month, assisted by Miss Phyllis Lett, is the daughter of a former High Sheriff for Norwich.



THE ABBÉ LISZT'S FINGER-EXERCISER—A SILENT FRIEND: THE DUMMY KEYBOARD WITH WHICH THE FAMOUS COMPOSER AND PIANIST KEPT HIS FINGERS IN TRAINING WHILE ON HIS TRAVELS.

be strictly limited. The competition of orchestras has to be met, and this would be no bad way of meeting it.

COMMON CHORD.

THE YELLOW PERIL SPECTRE: EVER PRESENT, IF SELDOM SEEN.



*The Great Awakening:
The Yellow Races, Accoutred as for War,
Break the Repose of the Whites.*

At the moment, when the rising in China seems so serious, the ever-present Yellow Peril Spectre has become apparent again, and there are those who, realising the great awakening, see the Yellow Races a figure accoutred as for war. One day, they say, fully persuaded that that day is not far distant, the yellow peoples will flood the land of the whites, making them subject, deposing Europe and America from their pride of place. To the arguments formulated in their imaginations they add the undoubtedly facts of Japan's leap into the first rank of the Powers, and China's strenuous endeavour to Westernise herself.

A COUPLE OF BRACE.



THE FAIR VISITOR : Oh, how beautifully you work it ! How do you manage about the expression ?

THE HOST (with "music" in his face) : No difficulty whatever : I put my own expression into it.

DRAWN BY BERT THOMAS.



THE MATCH-MAKING MOTHER (to her "difficult" daughter) : I'm surprised you find him common, dear. I was told his father was a General.

THE DAUGHTER : Sure it wasn't his mother ?

DRAWN BY BERT THOMAS



THE TOBACCONIST (asked for a cigarette and inclined to be facetious) : Shall I wrap it in paper, Sir ?

THE BLOOD : No, thanks. Some kind friend has already obliged.

DRAWN BY BERT THOMAS.



THE BAR POLITICIAN (seeking to end an argument so heated that it has called for many "pots"—full measure and overflowing) : Gentlemen, wot we wants is measures, not men !

DRAWN BY ALFRED LEETE.

Sport—Through the Quarry's Eyes.

I.—A FINE SOUVENIR OF THE CHASE.

DRAWN BY HARRY ROUNTREE.



THE "THOUSAND-AND-ONE NIGHTS" OF TREASURE-LAND.*

ENTER the scene of the "Thousand-and-One Nights" of Treasure-Land. It is the Valhalla of the bargain-hunter—a Valhalla for the living. It is all about you—invisible, perchance, but none the less in being. Three half-crowns are the key to it—the equivalent of the "Open Sesame" of Ali Baba: Then will your mouth water exceedingly; then will you set out on a glorious pilgrimage of rummaging, a progress along the road that is paved with "finds." Many others have trod the way rejoicing; to this fact Messrs. Jerningham and Bettany bear

in the sixties, when the skeleton of a woman was discovered walled up in a recess. . . . Round the neck there hung a large number of necklaces, and on the floor was a multitude of jewels of every kind, some still attached to fragments of clothing."

Be sure, too, to look to the pictures, and not for their own sake alone. The late Mr. Grego, wanting the frame, which was richly carved, bought a lithograph for a sovereign. "On arriving home he removed the lithograph, and discovered at the back a splendid impression of the rare engraving after Cosway, by Condé, of

Mrs. Tickell. It was finely printed in colours, with its full margin—a print worth a very large sum." There is another very remarkable case. "In the Thirty Years' War the Castle of Giersberg, in Silesia, was sacked, and the jewels owned by Freiherr von Giersberg disappeared. Last century a member of the family accidentally came across some portraits of his ancestors in a Silesian farmhouse, and these he at once purchased. On examination, he observed that they were apparently examples of the old fashion of decorating pictures with tinsel and glass to represent jewellery. . . . After making a fuller investigation, however, he found, to his delight, that in one of the portraits he had thus recovered—that of a lady—the necklace in the picture and the stones in the ring were really a portion of the family jewels, which were supposed to have been irrevocably lost, and which had been preserved in this original fashion."

Other bargains may be met in other ways. Banknotes may be found in picture-frames; Georgian "plated" candlesticks may prove to be solid silver; a "silver-gilt" snuff-box may be gold; "paste" may be tested and be valuable stones; a £4000 ewer of rock-crystal and silver-gilt may yet be hiding its dusty, dingy head in a butler's pantry. A celebrated miniature by Plimer was sold, together with an old tablecloth, for half-a-sovereign, and, later, realised several thousands of pounds. A ginger-jar, which once cost twelve shillings and sixpence, fell under the hammer for five thousand nine hundred guineas. Two large vases, purchased for a pound apiece, are now in a famous museum, valued at from eight to ten thousand pounds. A table knocked down for seventeen pounds afterwards fetched ten thousand. An exquisite Rose-du-Barry Sèvres jug was bought by a collector from a woman who was fetching beer in it.

Even Whistler's early days may yield "finds." For long he was "far more poverty-stricken than is generally imagined, and in consequence was compelled to give the pawnbrokers many a bargain.



BIRDS AS "ANGLERS" FOR MEN: FISHING WITH CORMORANTS ON THE YANGTSE. The cormorant, being greedy by nature, needs practically no training. Caught young, it soon learns that it must not swallow the fish it catches, and it is "assisted" in this by a cord tied fairly tightly round the base of the neck. This cord acts as a "life-line," by which the feathered "angler" is let into the water and taken out of it. It is passed under one wing, across the breast, up under the other wing, and finally is fastened on the back. The birds catch the fish by diving for them.

Photograph by L. A. Boiss.

eloquent witness. There is no knowing upon what you may stumble in your entralling wanderings. The possibilities are uncountable. "The transcript of Magna Charta now at the British Museum is said to have been purchased by Sir Robert Cotton from a tailor, who was about to cut it up for patterns; the manuscript of the 'Diary and Letters of Evelyn' to have been found by Upcott among the waste-paper at Wotton. The tutor of a Marquis de Ronville, playing tennis at Saumur, discovered a fragment of the lost Second Decade of Livy stretched across the drum of his racquet; and the celebrated 'Nizam's Diamond' made its first known appearance in the hands of a pauper child in India."

Always look for the secret drawers, beloved of so many of our ancestors. "A jeweller in a London suburb owes the origin of his fortune to the following circumstances: Having bought a bureau from an embarrassed customer, he discovered, in the course of repairs, a secret drawer filled with miniatures, many of them being especially valuable. The price paid for the bureau is said to have been fifty shillings; the miniatures were eventually sold for some thousands of pounds." In the drawers of another bureau a bookseller found letters of Thackeray, worth, perhaps, three or four hundred pounds. In the dust of a cupboard in a house under valuation were many fifty-pound notes, each crumpled into a little ball.

You may even buy a house, if you think imperially in such matters. "One of the best-known dealers . . . travelled down to — to inspect a house. . . . On looking over the place, to his amazement he perceived on the drawing-room chimney-piece two magnificent Louis Seize vases. With characteristic promptness, he offered to buy the house, together with all its contents, for three thousand pounds, on the understanding that the decision of the owner was communicated to him within forty-eight hours. The offer and condition were accordingly telegraphed to the owner, an officer attached to an Indian regiment, and within the specified time his acceptance was conveyed to the dealer, who eventually paid for the house, grounds, and furniture, and had a large margin to spare, from the sale of the vases alone." By the same method you may come into possession of the contents of a "priest's hole"—romance and "booty." "An old house in one of the Midland counties was being demolished



A "LIGHT," YET HEAVY, LOAD: A CHINESE COOLIE CARRYING BALES OF LAMP-WICKS.

It was only the friends who were on very intimate terms with him who had any suspicion of how pressed for money he frequently was. On such occasions some of his etchings were pledged at a neighbouring pawnbroker's, and comparatively few of them were ever redeemed. On the death of Whistler, one of the finest of his etchings was bought at a pawnbroker's for half-a-crown, and was afterwards sold for two hundred and fifty guineas."

Let "The Bargain Book" present many another wonder to you.

ACCENTUATING THE SITUATION.



THE PASSENGER OF THE INQUIRING TURN OF MIND (*to his French companion*): Do you pronounce it vol plane or vol planè?

DRAWN BY HARRY ROUNTREE.



THE COOKS AND THE BROTH.

AN EXPERIMENT IN GASTRONOMY.

By WILLIAM FREEMAN.

GRANTED a plethora of certain rodents in Leadenhall Market, together with two young men with healthy appetites and a weakness for the fantastic, and you have the first ingredients of my comedy. Given a street in which two restaurants have opened opposite one another on the same day, each under a proprietor whose avowed intent it is to outlast and generally pulverise his rival's business, and you have the cooks.

Lord Brent's first suggestion that he and Blitherwood should lunch at Monsieur Tardet's was due, I fancy, to nothing more complex than a general sensation of emptiness. Why Blitherwood should insist that the Restaurant Ferucci was infinitely preferable, seeing that there was not a pin to choose between them, I cannot pretend to say. The only result was that, since each refused either to give way or to lunch alone, there seemed every prospect of two obstinate young Englishmen going without a meal.

"Old man," said Brent at last, "I've an inspiration. You back Ferucci. I put my money on Tardet. Let us begin a meal at one place and finish it at the other!"

"Done!" said Blitherwood.

The two entered Monsieur Tardet's, which chanced to be the nearer. The proprietor himself came forward, bowing low.

"We have been led to infer," said Brent, "that the cooking here is rightly numbered among the seven wonders of the modern universe. We desire to put your genius to the test. . . . Will you be good enough to produce the finest your larder affords?"

"I have very good rabbit," said Monsieur Tardet; "or eggs-an'-bacon, chop-or-steak—"

"Something a shade less bourgeois," hinted Blitherwood gently.

"It is late, Sirs. Many peoples have dined themselves here. I send for anything you please, but I think you like my rabbits."

And rabbit they had, since there seemed no escaping the animal. Blitherwood's smile throughout the meal—albeit the latter was excellently cooked and served—was significant. When, half-way through, the diners arose simultaneously, Monsieur was shocked—desolated. His daughter, who had prepared it in accordance with her finest recipe, would be heartbroken.

"Yet we may come again later," said Lord Brent, paying him generously; "your reputation suffers nothing"—and with that walked out into the street, waited until he was sure that Tardet had ceased to watch him through the wire blind, and then, with Blitherwood, crossed to the Restaurant Ferucci.

At the first glance Signor Ferucci gave one the impression of a brigand who has reluctantly retired from business to assume a black swallow-tail coat and white shirt. He was dark and startlingly handsome, with beautiful teeth and a high sense of the dramatic. He received them with effusion tempered with respect.

"It has reached us," said Blitherwood, "that a meal eaten at Ferucci's is equivalent to a seat in the upper circle of the seventh heaven. My friend here, who is not only a person of high rank but of considerable mental attainments, desires to satisfy himself on the matter. What can you do for us?"

"Rabbit," said Signor Ferucci, without an instant's hesitation; "also soup, eggs, bif-steaks, mineral-waters, ices. But rabbit best!"

Lord Brent moved convulsively in his chair.

"Anything else?" asked Blitherwood, with a ghastly smile.

"What you wish, Sir. But it is late, and I shall have to send. Nothing would be so good or so fresh as rabbit!"

Blitherwood made a last effort.

"You can offer us some sort of sweets, I suppose?"

"Acid drops, liquorice, or peppermints. But not, surely, before the rabbit!"

They gave in. The rabbit was excellent—Ferucci saw to that. Twenty minutes later Brent and Blitherwood stood outside on the sun-baked pavement and reviewed the situation.

"I maintain that Tardet's had the finer flavour," said Brent.

"You had a finer appetite for it," sneered Blitherwood.

They continued the argument, doggedly, yet with a saving sense of humour. Gradually, as such things will, the comparative merits of the two restaurants assumed gigantic proportions.

"The test must be continued," said Brent definitely.

"Listen," said Blitherwood, "I've an idea. Don't look stunned, old chap, the phenomenon's happened before! . . . For

six days we'll dine at Tardet's and Ferucci's alternately. Tardet—your man—shall serve what *appears* to be rabbit each night, but what is really anything else his genius can disguise as rabbit. You follow me?"

"Go on."

"While Ferucci—my Johnnie—shall give us genuine bunny which *his* genius has made to appear as something entirely different. Dinners not to cost more than, say, five shillings a head, and not to contain anything repulsive or injurious to health. Each of us will guess—I, as to what I've actually eaten at Tardet's; you, as to which of the items in Ferucci's menu contains the rabbit. The man who makes the best shots wins fifty pounds, half of which he hands over to the more successful cook."

"And in the event of a draw?"

"It is, I take it, more difficult to disguise than to imitate the flavour of rabbit. Consequently, I suggest that a draw shall count in Ferucci's favour."

"And we begin to-morrow?"

"Why not? Dinner at my man's—7.30 sharp."

"Then the sooner you arrange matters with him the better."

So honour was satisfied. They walked briskly down the street together, on the best possible terms with themselves and a world capable of providing such innocent diversions.

Life robbed of its minor complications would be very peaceful, comparatively unexciting, and insufferably dull. Brief allusion has already been made to Mademoiselle Tardet. Most people would have thought her pretty enough to deserve a whole paragraph; one man, at least, would have needed the "Encyclopædia Britannica" in which to do her justice. And that man was, by the most unfortunate circumstances, Signor Ferucci. From the morning when, affixing a menu card in his doorway, he had observed Celandine pasting "Special this Day—Hare Soup" on her father's window, it had been a case for a heart-specialist where Ferucci was concerned. The menu-card and its nail kept him occupied long enough for Celandine, watching him out of the tail of her eye, to take in a good many details.

"Bah—what is it but a handsome barbarian!" she told herself, and proved how little the discovery affected her by keeping an egg boiling furiously for ten minutes.

On the next day Ferucci smiled wistfully. On the next, he said "Good-morning, Miss." Mademoiselle Celandine, affecting neither to see nor to hear him, blushed—a blush which settled the matter so far as Ferucci was concerned. All that night he dreamt of it, and on the following morning boldly crossed the road. Monsieur Tardet was marketing. There were no other listeners.

"Pardon, but this is a most dangerous neighbourhood," said Signor Ferucci seriously.

Celandine made no comment.

"It would be well if you had someone whom you might call upon for protection while your father was away."

"There are policemen," said Celandine, over her shoulder.

"Nevaile where they are wanted!"

"There is one at the corner—always and for ever," insisted Celandine positively.

"But why will you not trust *me*?" said Ferucci.

Celandine, having pasted up her bill of fare, stood regarding it with her head a little on one side. Ferucci caught the flicker of a smile on her lips.

"Beautiful one!" he said, and, without the smallest warning or justification, kissed her resonantly.

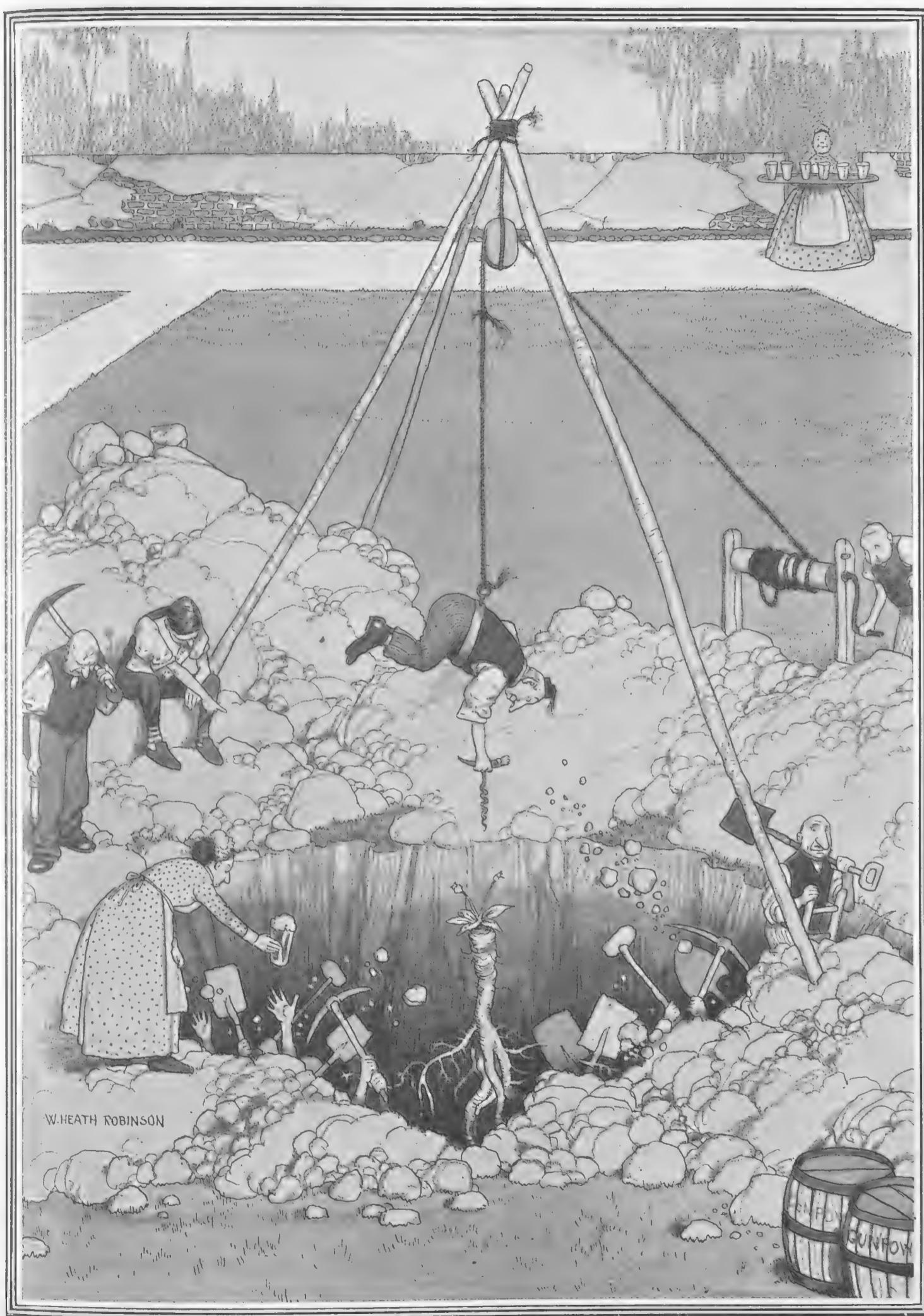
One-fifth of a second later he was rubbing his cheek. Celandine, her eyes blazing, rubbed the palm of her hand.

"Villain! Monster! Ah-h—but you are fit for nothing but to push an ice-cream barrow!" cried Celandine, and, giving the bill a final dab with her duster, retreated into the kitchen.

She was still in a state of white-hot indignation when Monsieur Tardet, returning, summoned her to his presence. Shutting the door of the untidy little sitting-room behind him, he told the story of the wager.

"Behold the reputation of a Tardet at stake! It is I myself who will supervise the cooking. Each night they dine here, you understand, they will be given what *appears* to be rabbit, but what

[Continued overleaf]

A Garden Guide: Horticultural Hints.

IV.—EXTRACTING A WEED FROM THE LAWN.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

is not so. If they cannot guess what it is, we win, and the brainless pig who has had the temerity to oppose us, and his miserable shop, will be ruined. R-r-ruined!"

"Of a certainty!" agreed Celandine, with brisk satisfaction.

While, in the meantime, the brainless pig in the shop opposite had received instructions on his own account. To conceal the flavour of rabbit might be difficult, but not impossible. Despite a certain redness and soreness of one cheek, Signor Ferucci hummed gaily as he went about his work that day.

Blitherwood and his Lordship dined with him, in a screened-off corner of the room, that evening. The soup and fish were followed by the simultaneous appearance of three dishes, the first consisting obviously of a couple of small birds, the second of guileless-looking *filet-de-bœuf*, the third of a white and foamy substance which refused to be identified.

Lord Brent ate for a time in critical silence.

"Well?" said Blitherwood at last.

"I have not the smallest doubt that our friend the bunny inhabits the third dish."

"You are wrong. He is embodied in the birds which I took to be pigeons. Ferucci tells me in confidence that he spent over an hour constructing them. First blood to my man, I think!"

"Wait!" said Lord Brent.

And on the following night they found themselves the guests of Monsieur Tardet.

The dish which, boldly announced as "rabbit," formed the chief item conveyed not the smallest impression of being anything else. Brent himself was frankly nonplussed. Blitherwood could do no more than make a series of guesses at intervals. Finally they sent for the chef. He came, voluble, radiating triumph.

"My friend here," said Lord Brent, "hints that we have been partaking of lamb."

"Ah, but no, Messieurs!"

"Or"—he consulted Blitherwood's list—"venison?"

"Nevaire!"

"Opossum, prairie-dog, mole, zebra—?"

"Wrong—all wrong! Would you have me make a feast from a menagerie?"

"Then what, in heaven's name, have we eaten?" cried Blitherwood.

"One little baby hare," said Monsieur Tardet suavely, and retired to order the coffee.

With the third dinner, Blitherwood's luck deserted him completely. Whether it was nervousness on the part of Ferucci, or a mere miscalculation as to the amount of flavouring required, will never be known. All that is certain is that Brent, after a couple of suspicious mouthfuls from a substance which had every outward indication of being curried veal, said decisively, "Rabbit!" at which fatal word Ferucci covered his face and gave a moan so heartrending that Brent, despite his victory, felt sorry for the man.

Upon the following night Monsieur Tardet surpassed himself. If the substance set before them was not rabbit, neither Brent nor Blitherwood could furnish the smallest clue as to its identity.

"Ask him what sort of skin the beast had," said Blitherwood at last.

"Of much roughness," said Monsieur Tardet, bland and unperturbed.

"Inquire what the animal ate," said Brent.

"If the answer to the question should chance to be 'mice,'" said Blitherwood hotly, "permit me to say that—"

"Not mice, Messieurs—not mice. But of blackbeetles—many. He was the hedgehog which I kept in my cellar. I cook him carefully—*n'est-ce pas?*"

"Jim Blitherwood, my son," said Brent, as the door closed upon Tardet's triumphant back, "your friend Ferucci is likely to find himself in the position of the man who leaned out of his aeroplane to pick daisies—he won't be in it!"

Thus the score, expressed in terms of lawn-tennis, might be said to stand at fifteen-forty, in favour of M. Tardet, which was unfortunate for Signor Giuseppe Ferucci. The fifth evening he spent chiefly in dashing from the kitchen to the shop and the shop to the kitchen, and in getting in the way of the lank youth who was his assistant. At the entry of Lord Brent and Blitherwood he perspired visibly.

"Dinner will be served with great soonness," he observed, and bowed them into their seats.

The dinner, when it did appear, was excellent save in one respect.

"Hang it all—the stuff's flavourless!" grumbled Brent over the *salmis de canards sauvages*.

"All the easier to track the rabbit, then," said Blitherwood.

Yet of rabbit neither of them could detect the smallest trace. In the end, Brent called Ferucci.

"Rabbit? There is none of him in the dishes," said Ferucci, smiling brightly.

"Then where the blazes—?"

"You drink him. From a bottle—he held up the sauce which had accompanied the fish. "I put him in there with other things. Also in every other condiment—much. I make all the dishes with little taste, so that you take much sauce."

"Aha!" cried Blitherwood.

"Allow me to remind you," said Lord Brent acidly, "that my man is still one meal to the good."

The sixth evening came; Monsieur Tardet spent practically the whole of it in his kitchen. His large, pink face seemed to grow pale and wrinkled. He sent Celandine upon a dozen errands at once, and danced up and down with fury because they were not carried out. He glowered morosely at customers arriving between seven and seven-thirty. In a word, it was plain that the anxiety was telling on him.

Ferucci, running nameless risks, achieved a brief audience with his divinity during the afternoon. His mood was one of gentle pathos and despair.

"You will think of me sometimes without unkindness when you are rich and I, perhaps, but a seller of hoky-poky or hot potatoes?" he pleaded.

"Pooh!" said Celandine, burnishing a champagne glass industriously. "For why should I think of you at all?"

"Because I lay my heart at your feet. Because, for your sakes, I would encounter lions—bulls—mad policemen—!"

"Or my father?"

"Not willingly," said Ferucci, with simple dignity, "though at times I—"

"Poltroon!" said Celandine. Though but a two-years' exile from sunny France, her English was singularly fluent. "Boy-with-the-heart-of-a-mouse!"

Ferucci glanced towards the door, listened for any sound of movement from the floor above, and, after a slight scuffle, succeeded in implanting a fervid kiss upon the tip of his ladylove's thumb and one corner of the tea-cloth.

That night, the Restaurant Tardet was crowded to excess. The news had leaked forth that some sort of wager was in progress, and "copy" in Fleet Street was singularly scarce. Lord Brent and his companion found their corner table the focus of many curious eyes. Two determined-looking men rose as they entered, and snapshotted them audibly. A rustle of notebooks heralded the approach of Monsieur Tardet with a smoking dish.

"The rabbit is served, Messieurs," he said, precisely as he had said it on each previous occasion, and later—

"Is the dinner to your satisfactions, Messieurs?"

"Entirely so," said Lord Brent.

Ten or twelve minutes passed. Then Blitherwood suddenly pushed back his chair, and rose to his feet.

"I have," he said, "a statement of importance to make."

Monsieur Tardet approached.

"Your rabbit," said Blitherwood, in a low but audible voice, "consists of—"

"Yes?" said Monsieur Tardet faintly.

"Of a stew composed of several pairs of white kid gloves!"

Monsieur Tardet bowed low, with his hand on his heart. Even in the moment of his greatest defeat the man's greatness was manifest.

"It is true!" he said, and collapsed weakly. The extra waiter who had been hired for the occasion caught him as he fell.

"Thus, you see," said Signor Ferucci, "I have been accounted the winner. It is a draw, and the money is yours," said my Lord Brent, and paid me all—fifty pounds. Upon which, in the ecstasy of the moment, I kiss both him and the other upon both cheeks, to their astonishment and dismay. They are a cold race—these English! But now I have reputation, riches, and opportunity to extend my business. Will you not listen to me, beautiful but frigid Mademoiselle Celandine?"

"Already I have listened too long!" protested Celandine. It was true. The Restaurant Tardet, faced by a shortage of supplies too late to be renewed in the ordinary way, had been compelled to borrow of its rival. Monsieur, strangely changed in mood, had sent an embassy, which embassy, with two loaves and a cucumber in her arms, still lingered in the doorway.

"If we marry, your father might take me into partnership. I am willing to forget—to bury the woodchopper between us."

Celandine glanced up at him from beneath wickedly drooping lids.

"It is well to rejoice in victory!"

"Without you, it is but dust and cinders."

"And you . . . love me?"

"With a love beyond the wealth of the universe!"

"Then you shall learn two secrets. Would you know why you won? It was because a thankless daughter dropped one of these into the dish which was not rabbit." She held up her finger and thumb. Between them glittered a small brass button marked "Dent's Superfine."

Ferucci, bewildered, entranced, caught her hand.

"But why?"

"That," said Mademoiselle Celandine, with composure, though her breath came and went quickly, "is the second secret. Would you learn that, too? Then if you should be passing the side door of the Restaurant Tardet in an hour's time, I may tell you!"

Chance decreed that Blitherwood and Lord Brent should also pass the side door in an hour's time. Signor Ferucci—looking more like a reformed brigand than ever in his best clothes—appeared to be finding the explanation eminently satisfactory.

THE END.



ON THE LINKS

BY HENRY LEACH.

Autumn in the West.

He who has freedom of movement, some leisure, and the right enthusiasm for the game will exercise care in the arrangement of his autumn campaign. He needs to do that this year more than previously, for circumstances — meaning the burning sun and drought which spoiled the courses for the time being — upset all his schemes for the enjoyment of the game in the summer. True, all men cannot depart from their homeland on autumn campaigns; but the others will be thinking of little holidays far afield before very long. Shall it be north, south, east, or west? Some will begin to fear the north and the east, with winter not so far away; the south and the west, suggesting the track of the sun, sound promising. Thus I reasoned, and according to a mood, some curiosity, and a certain sense of duty, entrained for Westward Ho! in county Devon. The curiosity and the sense of duty are occasioned by the circumstance that the very next amateur championship meeting will be held for the first time on this course. More than that, it will be the first time since 1897, when Muirfield came into the list, for the premier amateur gathering of the year to be held on what we call a strange course. So now, with the old season of competitions well behind us, we begin to look forward to another, and there is the most abundant curiosity on all hands concerning the points and character and quality of the links of the Royal North Devon Club, which are better known to the elect than to the multitude. Of course, crowds of golfers go to Westward Ho! and they have been there in goodly numbers lately, partly because of that curiosity and partly because it is such an ideal place for the autumn campaign; but more should visit the place. It is the oldest seaside club and course in England; the true spirit of the game overhangs it always, the golfing atmosphere of the place is perfect (you feel when playing there that you are in a true land of golf), the surroundings of the course are glorious and so deeply English, and of the quality of the links I will tell you.

The Line of the Sun.

Perhaps one reason why men do not know Westward Ho! better is because of a kind of traditional idea, which has become almost general, that it is an exceedingly difficult place to reach. That is quite wrong, and the circumstance, reported upon some little time ago, that Mr. Herbert Fowler (who, by the way, is president of the club this year) journeyed thither from London one morning, arranged for some alterations to be made to the course, and travelled comfortably back to town the same day, should have done something to dissipate this notion.

I have found it easier to reach than any first-class seaside course which is not in the home golfing district. Just consider that even now in October one may lie abed very late in town, struggle along to Waterloo by eleven, and the worst is over then. With the comforting assistance of the South-Western, a little lunch, a little sleep, and we are in Bideford before the local clocks — which are as good as any others — strike four. You may stay at this Bideford, which is a nice little Devonshire town, or you may perch yourself up at Northam, overlooking Westward Ho! from an eminence, or you may work yourself in somewhere at Westward Ho! itself. For me, I live where I may look across the links, and I see that all is good and splendid.

The Charm of Westward Ho! I do not think there is any other course except St. Andrews that the golfing visitor of experience and taste approaches for the first time with such an exquisite curiosity and sense of anticipation burning in him, and it is so long since I was taken this way that it was all new once more. This is partly because of the age and traditions of the place as one for golf; again partly because, somehow, one does not expect to find a championship course in this corner of the world; and then also there is the circumstance that "those who are of the place have such an intense attachment for it, and praise the merits of the course so much that some sceptics suspect them of exaggeration." "Well, let us have a look at it, and see," is their simple, honest sentiment. I have had a very good look at Westward

Ho! It would be mere banality to say that it is very, very good. That much is taken for granted; the question is how good it is. It is difficult to settle that point very soon. This is a course that grows upon you immensely. It has almost precisely the same effect upon you in this way as the old course at St. Andrews itself, which few people like on the first acquaintance, but which they simply adore on the third visit. Such an increase of respect and affection is to be considered a testimonial to a course. It does not flaunt its beauties before the populace in a vulgar way. It has the most delicate charms hidden away, and the more you play upon it the more of them do you discover, and you begin to appreciate the why and the wherefore and the good value of everything upon it. You come to see that holes you thought little of at the first glance are simply full up from tee to green with the best

golfing points. The short holes and the wood-and-iron holes at Westward Ho! are specially attractive, and the entire course is without any doubt of very high championship quality. I will describe some more of its points another time.



WINNER OF THE UNITED STATES LADIES' CHAMPIONSHIP: MISS MARGARET CURTIS.

The United States Ladies' Championship over 18 holes was won the other day on the Baltusrol Club's Golf Course at Springfield, New Jersey, by Miss Margaret Curtis, Essex Country Club, who beat Miss L. B. Hyde, South Shore Field, by five up and three to play.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



BETWEEN THE INTERVALS OF "SOME SHOWERS": MISS NANCY PRICE SEEKING TO BALANCE A GOLF BALL ON HER DOG'S NOSE.

Miss Nancy Price is the latest interesting recruit to the vaudeville stage, and is appearing at the London Hippodrome in Mr. Pett Ridge's sketch, "Some Showers." "With her," as the lawyers say, is Mr. Edmund Gwenn. — [Photograph by Russell.]

FRIVOLITIES

OF PHRYNETTE

TURKISH DELIGHTS.

By MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London."

I SUPPOSE Italy is still civilising Turkey with a vengeance. I say "suppose" because I don't read the Press—it does not amuse me; "the more it changes, the more it is the same thing." But I appeal to the lovers of the Picturesque and, incidentally, of Morality. What a pity it would be if Turkey were to accept civilisation, or even what stands for civilisation in Italy! If I had not happened to be French I would like to be a Turkish woman. None of the modern, ambitious, skirted, certificated, discontented female Young Turks, but one of the conservative sort who still stick to tradition and trousers, the homely, or I should say the haremly, *hanoum*. I have always admired her dress and her marital life—both so fastidious in their decency. Life in a harem is one of mental and physical repose, a blessed postponement of wrinkles and grey hair. It's spent in an atmosphere of contemplation and attar-of-roses. Turkish women have good-looking servants to amuse them, gold fish that swim round and round and think they have travelled far, and dicky-birds in cages. But as the ladies of the harem do not know what a parallel is, the pretty slaves, the stupid fish, and the caged birds give them pleasure. Their mental comfort is great. They are not unsettled by comparisons of their possessor with other men; they have no flirtations, no past and no future. It is all as restful as can be. They never have any decision to take, any choice to make, any temptation to play with, and run from—or run with! Enforced virtue is ever so much the easiest to practise. And then it must be a great satisfaction to any woman to be so well understood by her husband. For there is no one like the Oriental to have a right appreciation of woman. He does not idealise her, which saves her the fatigue of sustaining his ideal—or losing his love. He neither neglects nor beats her. Hark to that perfumed proverb, you poor bruised and beer-soaked British wives of the slums—"Not even with a rose should we beat a woman." The Turk treats Woman well and wisely. With the ripe wisdom of nonchalant races, he knows that a woman worker has no time to be a woman at all, and he gives her leisure in which to have children, quietude and rational clothes so that her children should be healthy and well formed. When Turkey will be quite spoilt by our Western perversity, the "disenchanted" Mussulman women will regret their former life made soft with carpets and cushions, sweet with *loukoums* and nougat. They who have never been trained to energy, how very exhausting they will find emancipation! If they only knew what a very "comfy," enviable place the harem is compared to spinsterhood and sweating, without mentioning "the oldest profession" open to women. These are the fates of the surplus female element which Nature has seen fit to send where it does not seem wanted.

Of course it is wanted, but not to vegetate in enforced continence, nor in overcrowded garrets making shirts and unmaking the race, nor in distributing unproductive joys. I have no patience with Europe turning up her hypercritical, super-sensitive nose at polygamy. Nature, who is an economical manageress if ever there was one, has created more women than men. I have no doubt as to her intentions, have you? For my part, I quite allow Austen to have as many wives as he can afford to keep, as long as I remain the favourite. It would be very jolly on rainy days, or when he is playing golf, or preparing speeches, to have three or four charming women to dress for, to talk to, and gossip with. We would try on each other's frocks, have cabals and tea, quarrel a little, cry a little, and kiss all round. It would be just like at college plus a man. There would be a piquant emulation added to marital life. One would cultivate one's charms and one's good temper to try and be the preferred one. Competition, unlike in business, would enhance our value. Common existence with the other wives, knowledge of their blemishes and foibles, would render emulation effective and fair sport. Under the existing conditions, how is one to outshine rivals that one does not know? Harem life provides safety in numbers.

I think the European woman, in claiming a whole man all to herself, shows a selfishness, a conceit, an ignorance of natural laws, a rebellion against man's purpose, and, chiefly, a credulity which would make Mohammed bounce with indignation, and even move the mountain of lazy reputes! She will perhaps flaunt her freedom. Of course she is free; so is the Russian peasant.

I am only a woman, and, as such, inexperienced and ignorant, though longing to learn and experience. My sex prevents me from knowing what other women think on the subject—we are not so foolish as to confide things that matter to each other—but it would be fun of great importance to issue a referendum (Mr. Balfour does these things very gracefully) to all the unemployed females, and also the "casuals," of, say, Great Britain, spinsters and those who fear to be, widows or those who hope to be, separated wives or those who ought to be, divorced wives or those who can't be—or, rather, so as not to create jealousy, I would send the referendum to every female over fourteen and under fifty. As to men, it's quite unnecessary to consult them. They are ready to embrace polygamy, or acknowledge it, as soon as ever it is pronounced "good form," in their silly jargon. The next thing they'd do would be to erect me a statue, but, please, without a veil over my face; I object to the veil very strongly—we are not in Turkey, don't you know!

ENGAGED TO MR. HENRY TALBOT WATSON,
OF NO. 2, JOHN STREET, MAYFAIR:
MRS. PAWSON.

Mrs. Pawson is the elder daughter of Captain Upton Gaskell, of Ingersley, Cheshire.—[Photo. by Walter Barritt.]



DAUGHTER-IN-LAW OF THE PORTUGUESE PRETENDER: THE DUCHESS DE VIZEU (FORMERLY MISS ANITA STEWART), WIFE OF THE DUKE OF BRAGANZA'S HEIR.

The marriage of Miss Anita Stewart, the young American heiress, and Dom Miguel of Braganza, son of the Duke of Braganza, of the royal line formerly on the throne of Portugal, took place in September 1909. The Duchess is the daughter of a former marriage of Mrs. James Henry Smith, of Chicago, widow of the famous American millionaire known as "Silent Smith." She inherited a million (pounds) from her stepfather.—[Photograph by Lallie Charles.]



THE WHEEL AND THE WING



IN MEMORY OF THE FIRST ENGLISH VICTIM TO AVIATION: THE STATUE OF THE LATE HON. C. S. ROLLS, BY MRS. SCOTT, WIFE OF THE FAMOUS ANTARCTIC EXPLORER.

It will be remembered that Mr. Rolls lost his life while flying at Bournemouth last year. After being famous as a motorist, he became equally well known as an airman. On June 2, 1910, he flew across the Channel from Dover to Calais and back. The statue illustrated above will commemorate not only his tragic death—it will be set up at Dover—but that feat. It is being cast by Fiorini.

Photograph by Report Press

efficient that, now the quietude with their bevel-drives, they do not hesitate to go back. The 12-16 h.p. and the 16-20 h.p. are both mono-bloc engines, presenting a particularly neat and clean appearance in the chassis. The crank-shafts run on five bearings, and the valves are inclined towards the centre of the cylinder, to reduce the content of the compression space as much as possible. The cam-shaft is driven from the crank-shaft by one silent chain, the pump and magneto deriving their drive from a cross-shaft in front of the engine, driven by skew-gear off the top of the cam-shaft. A Claudel Hobson carburettor is fitted.

Full of Thoughtful Lubrication
Detail. Lubrication is a point to which the automobilist first turns his attention when contemplating the purchase of a car—that is, if he has any practical automobile experience or knowledge of engineering. In the Sunbeam design he will find that every point herein has had due consideration. A force-pump is placed in the sump, where it is always plunged in oil, and, skew-driven off the cam-shaft, forces oil under pressure through leads cast in the walls of the crank-chamber to the main bearings, and from them, through holes drilled

The 10-h.p. Adler. As the progress of automobilism broadens, more and more interest is taken in the small car, so that stands at Olympia where the up-to-date 10-h.p. cars and so on are to be seen are usually too crowded for comfort. For this reason I would advise my readers to go early in order that they may have a good opportunity of examining the 10-h.p. Adler Small Car, which is handled by Messrs. Morgan and Company, Limited, of 10 and 10A, Old Bond Street, and Long Acre. In this car the motor-unit system is adopted, so insuring absolute lining between engine-clutch and gear-shafts. The crank-chamber is cast with half the fly-wheel casing, and the gear-box with the other half, these being bolted to each other so that the motor unit is in two portions only and not three. The cylinders are cast in pairs and are 65 mm. in bore and 98 mm. in stroke, giving an R.A.C. rating of 10.5 h.p. Careful attention has been given to lubrication. There are four speeds—quite a special feature for a car of this power.

The New Sunbeams.

Some interesting alterations, the outcome more or less of the enlightening racing experience of the past season, will be noticeable in the admirable chassis which the Sunbeam Motor Company will stage at Olympia. Three models will be presented—the 12-16 h.p. four-cylinder (80 mm. bore by 150 mm. stroke), the 16-20 h.p. (90 mm. bore by 160 mm. stroke), and the 25-30 h.p. six-cylinder (90 mm. bore by 160 mm. stroke). Worm-drive to the back axle will be relinquished in favour of a return to bevel-drive. The latter has been found to be so much more Sunbeam people have attained absolute

in the crank-arms, to the connecting-rod bearings. That occasionally neglected member, the cam-shaft, which is so frequently fain to depend upon what is thrown to him by his superior officer, has forced feeds of his own in the Sunbeam engines. Moreover, jets of oil play upon the skew-gear driving the cross-shaft, and the crank-chamber is so made that the distribution gear-chain runs in an oil-bath. A well-designed double universal joint is provided to connect the clutch and gear-shafts, and preserve both from cross-torsion. The gear-box is three-point-suspended, for the same purpose. The six-cylinder engine of the 20-h.p. has its cylinders cast in "pairs of threes," and, with the crank-chamber, is carried on an under-frame. No visitor to Olympia should omit to pay a visit to the Sunbeam stand.

Artificial Rubber.

The dove-cotes of the rubber shareholders are not fluttered yet; but the making of artificial rubber has been very nearly approached. A business acquaintance once stopped in the street to tell me that his fortune was made by the fact that he had acquired an interest in an infallible process for manufacturing rubber and producing it at about 1s. per pound. He was exceedingly secretive at the time, and though he would not go into detail, he produced a lozenge-shaped bit of material from his waistcoat pocket which most certainly looked like rubber, tasted like rubber, and smelt like rubber. But I suppose it wasn't, or there was something lacking in its composition, for I never heard of it again.



THREE-BLADED AND JOINTED: THE NEW BRÉGUET SCREW FOR AEROPLANES.

It is claimed that the screw gives exceptional stability. The value of the fact that it is jointed is obvious when it is remembered that the flying-machine has to be packed for transport when designed for military use.

Photograph by Brauner.



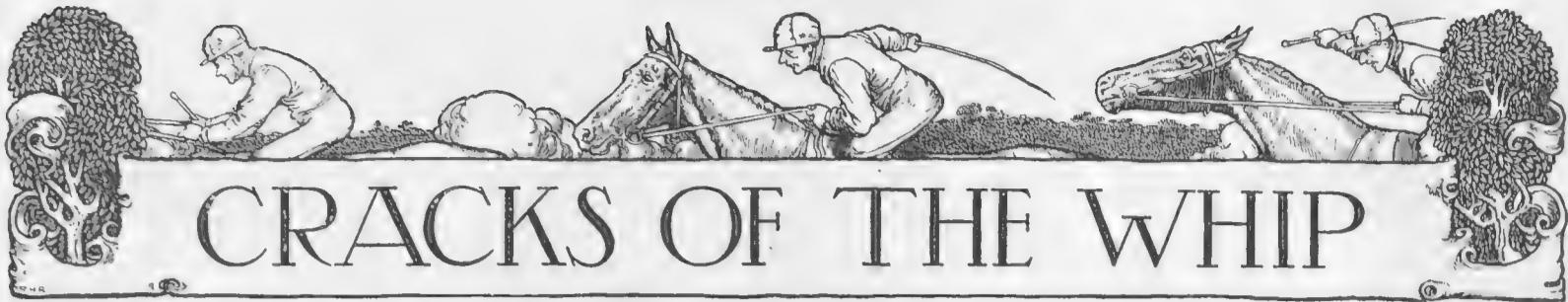
PNEUMATIC-TYRED DISC WHEELS IN PLACE OF THE ORDINARY "CYCLE" WHEELS: AN AEROPLANE WITH THE NEW FORM OF "RUNNER."

Photograph by Charles Delius.

above, Professor Ira Remsen, says that this substance is "caoutchouc." But the cost of producing it, in ever such a small quantity, is absolutely prohibitive. Yet nothing appears to be finally impossible to the great creature Man, and the Professor seems to think the cheap production of the substance an ultimate possibility. Fancy tyres reduced by three or four fifths in price. *Quel bonheur!*

[Continued on a later page.]

But for those interested in the subject—and i. rubber is going to be greatly cheapened, there can be no section more intimately concerned than automobilists—a very interesting summary has been published in an American scientific journal and is quoted at some length in the motor Press of last week. It would appear that there is a substance which exists in turpentine and is known as "isoprene"; but it is a very rebellious and refractory substance, and refuses to become anything but itself except at immense cost. A scientist named Harries is said to have heated "isoprene" and strong acetic acid in a closed tube. The writer of the summary mentioned



By CAPTAIN COE.

Cambridgeshire.

When a popular favourite wins the Cesarewitch, as was the case this year, the prices against the Cambridgeshire horses that have been taken in doubles are false on account of the laying-out of covering money. Thus we find such horses as Hornet's Beauty, Mercutio, and William Rex much shorter than they should be on their merits; though it must be admitted that the first pair, at any rate, have good claim to the attention they have received in the market. It was a common remark, before the weights appeared, that Hornet's Beauty could not be handicapped out of the race, but I fancy that most of the critics did not expect him to get 8 st. 13 lb. It is a heavy impost for a three-year-old, even remembering that horses of that age are reckoned to be better than at any other period of their lives. This season is a favourable one for big weights to be carried to victory in handicaps, not even excluding nurseries, and, after Willonyx's wonderful performance in the Cesarewitch, a win for Hornet's Beauty does not look such an impossibility after all. Mercutio's claims are strong after his surprising victory at the second October Meeting, and the Cambridgeshire is just the race, and he possesses just the brilliant speed for it. Hackler's Pride, Christmas Daisy, Land League, and Ballantrae were all brilliant milers, and Mercutio is a horse of the same stamp. William Rex, like all the horses from his stable, moves in an atmosphere of mystery. He has long

MR. J. G. BROCCKE-HURST (SUCCESSOR TO LORD LONSDALE): COTTESMORE.

Photograph by Topical

been looked upon as a likely candidate for a big handicap, and he is certainly weighted favourably to-day. For more than that one must go to the market at the last moment for guidance, as in the case of Christmas Daisy last year. I had some hope of Long Set until the Duke of York Stakes, which is possibly a false guide on account of the runaway victory of Trepida, who, by the way, ran really well in the Cesarewitch for some distance—well enough to put her bang in to-day's race. Sunspot is one that may be there at the finish: he is a tremendously fast horse, and could, I should say, just last the distance. Others with favourable chances are Mustapha, Sunbright, Lonawand, Braxted, Moscato, and Grammont. My selection will be found under "Monday Tips."

Jockeys. When dealing with the question of jockeys and jockeyship, one is half-inclined to don the mantle of Jeremiah; but that is a poor rôle at the best, and some of the younger riders have this season shown that, given the opportunity, they are good value for money. Bowley, for instance, was, in a way, inclined to be neglected by owners until Mr. Prentice, appreciating his worth, gave him a lift, and, if I remember rightly, it was a fitting reward for scoring on Orepesa at Lingfield. Since that day Bowley has completed the

term which gave him the right to the apprentice allowance, and I hope that he will not, as so many other boys have done, languish for lack of patronage. He is a competent lad, and owners might look a lot further afield before striking a better. Another lad who has recently lost his claim to the 5 lb. is R. Wilkinson, who is apprenticed at Shincliffe. Naturally, this means that most, if not all, his opportunities are in the North, and when I remark that he is one of the best boy riders in the North, it is in no sense to

detract from his merit. Southerners are apt to look upon Northern jockeys and horses with a certain measure of contempt, but it is wholly undeserved, and Wilkinson is good enough for any task in the saddle. Other good Northern boys are Carron and Thwaites. Of that pair the latter has not had quite so much experience as Carron, but his work on Stolen Kiss at Newmarket proved his promise. More in the limelight than any of the jockeys I have named are R. Stokes and Winter, who have this season come bang to the fore. Winter set the seal on his excellence on Kilbroney in the Great Metropolitan, and he has since scored many successes, most notable of all being in the royal colours on Mirabeau at Newbury. R. Stokes has a most excellent master in T. Jennings, who has developed several boys into first-class jockeys, and his latest pupil is another tribute to the excellence of the tuition they receive. W. Waugh has a high opinion of the capacity of R. Steele, and no doubt the boy with a little more practice in public will more than satisfy his master's predictions.

Two-Year-Olds. The defeat of Sweeper

II. and White Star by Absurd in the Middle Park Plate

showed the

last-named Sundridge colt in the light of a topsawyer, even allowing for the interference to which his stable companion was subjected. Absurd is apparently the better colt. Sweeper II. confirmed the impression left in July that with equal luck he would even then have demonstrated that he was better than Sunstar's brother. The duel between them can be renewed in the Dewhurst

Plate, which is a furlong further than the Middle Park Plate, and Jingling Geordie could cut in to show whether he is the feeble-hearted horse that one or two of his races have led us to believe. He made a hack of Absurd earlier in the season, but no one, I suppose, would expect him to do so now. The two-year-old form is in its usual tangle—it has been most years recently, with the exception of Bayardo's first racing season; but one is inclined to place Lomond and Belleisle as the best of their sexes.

MONDAY TIPS.

BY CAPTAIN COE.

For the Cambridgeshire to-day I fancy Mahsud or Mustapha. Other Selections—Newmarket, to-day: Maiden Two-Year-Old Race, Thrace; Scarborough Stakes, Filibuster; New Nursery, Marouette; Moulton Stakes, Alope. Thursday: Jockey Club Cup, Willonyx; Houghton Handicap, Oversight; Dewhurst Plate, Sweeper II.; Ditch Mile Welter, Placidus; Richmond Nursery, Saracen. Friday:

Durham Stakes, Hair Trigger II.; Queensberry Handicap, The Tower; Criterion Nursery, Donnithorne; Free Handicap, Polkerris; Houghton Stakes, Javelin. Worcester, Thursday: Autumn Handicap, Nevolnice; Witley Welter, Ormette; Riverside Nursery, Misspelt. Friday: City Welter, Run colt; Kempsey Handicap, Rouleau. Alexandra Park, Saturday: Southgate Welter, Chelys colt; Hornsey Handicap, Sunshine; October Nursery, Royal Sym; Moderate Plate, Girl of the West.



MR. H. CONNOP (SUCCESSOR TO MR. S. V. THOMAS): UNITED.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.



BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Royal Marionettes. The chief impression on reading the ex-Princess of Saxony's amazing memoirs is that royalties, at least in countries like Germany, Austria, and Russia, are often such purely artificial products as to resemble marionettes. As the Princess herself candidly remarks, "all Kings and Princes are more or less alike," so that it does not matter much to which especial ruler a royal maiden is given in marriage. We get an idea of the curious abnormal atmosphere of Courts and of the very limited interests which are permitted to the womenfolk. Philanthropy, etiquette, and the opera seem to fill up their lives "from the cradle to the mausoleum," as Max Beerbohm has it. Many people are not born with philanthropic yearnings, yet the royal lady must always interest herself in the lame, the halt, and the blind—with the failures instead of with the successes of life—under pain of unpopularity. Again, she may possibly detest music, yet her chief recreation will always be sitting up stiffly in a box in her best clothes, listening to a second-rate orchestra and throaty tenors. In short, these exalted beings are often in a parlous case, and what is especially curious is that, though they are assiduously trained for a life of parade and show, they appear to suffer from shyness in a quite amazing degree. Naturally, they hanker after all the common, amusing things which etiquette forbids them to do. One has heard of royalties

for a place in a confectioner's shop, who goes out as what is euphemistically called a "mother's help," and who comes, occasionally, to wait at table. The well-bred, well-educated half of humanity like to hear themselves called, *tout bonnement*, "women."

The Fascination of French. Sitting the other day in the stately white drawing-room at Marble Arch House, hearing M. Carré discourse on Maeterlinck to a forest

of fantastic hats, it was borne in upon me how eternally fascinating, to the English mind, is the French language and its literature. If Maeterlinck had been born in Holland instead of Flanders, and had written his masterpieces in Dutch, I wonder how many civilised persons would have ever heard of him? Again, German is a tongue with a great literature, and its younger writers are in the fore-front of the modern movement, yet who would gather together a large audience to hear a lecture in the Teutonic tongue on Gerhardt Hauptmann? In England and America German is singularly out of fashion, and except for its music, German culture hardly exists for the average Anglo-Saxon. At a London dinner-table the guests will sit discussing exhaustively the latest volume of "Jean Christophe" (the life-history of a German musical genius), but if the novel had been written by a Teutonic professor instead of a French one the topic would never turn up. English folk made their first acquaintance with French literature in the Renaissance with the adorable essayist Montaigne, and they have been faithful to the most beautiful of all languages ever since. I hasten to add that the modern Parisian returns the compliment, and occupies himself largely with English life, politics, letters, and the drama. Thus Mr. Shaw, though not much played, is greatly discussed by the Seine; Mr. Kipling and Mr. Wells are household words, and the youngest product of Anglo-Celtic genius, the Abbey Theatre and its drama, is already a topic of absorbing interest among French men of letters.

The Burden of the Smile. In a period

when we are all a trifle sophisticated as well as a little fatigued, it is unfortunate that Fashion insists on the smile being worn by feminine persons of all ages and sizes. For it is not only the sprightly comedian, the sylph-like dancer, and the audacious acrobat who have to "keep on smiling"; it is demanded of female aviators, of champion golf and hockey players, of Suffragettes, of "smart" brides, of small daughters of celebrities—at any rate, when they are posing for their photographs. The hostess of to-day, moreover, must emulate the Cheshire cat in forced cheerfulness, for no one would tolerate, in 1911, the forbidding gloom of those party-givers we some of us remember in the 'nineties. These hostesses received us with glacial frigidity, having an air as of sentries frozen to their posts at the top of the staircase, and the all-pervading smile came in as a reaction to this anti-social attitude. But that it is being overdone no one can deny, and we may presently relapse into a period of facial solemnity.

[Copyright.]

SKATING COSTUMES.—No. 1.
The costume is in two shades of brown, trimmed with coarse string lace and bands of fur.

whose idea of a treat was to ride on the top of an omnibus along the London streets; and in order to experience a similar thrill the ex-Crown Princess of Saxony once disguised herself in a red wig and took her place in the gallery of the Dresden Opera House. Yet when any royal marionettes show signs of human vivacity there are those who at once pronounce them insane, and, if they could, would shut them up in what our German neighbours euphemistically call Sanatoria.

Why Not "Woman"? Recently a learned Judge rebuked a solicitor for referring to his client as a "woman." The person in question, it appeared, was the wife of a Colonel, and would therefore, in the modern fashion, have been wholly indifferent as to whether she was called a "lady" or not. As a matter of fact, the term has become more than a trifle discredited. The phrase "young lady" stands for much that is foolish, ignorant, and artificial. It somehow suggests mid-Victorian boarding-schools, and all that was harmful and futile in the education and manners of the period. If a man, especially a middle-aged man, begins a story with "A young lady asked—" it is Lombard Street to a china orange that he is going to make one of our sex appear ridiculous. As to the strenuous upper-class matron and spinster of to-day, they favour the appellation of "woman" and rejoice in it. The only feminine persons nowadays who are great sticklers for hearing themselves described as "ladies" are charwomen, shop-girls, waitresses, and all the vast millions who have no shadow of claim to the title. It is the "young lady" who advertises



[Copyright.]

SKATING COSTUMES.—No. 2.
This costume is in royal-blue clevine trimmed with guipure and a heavy silk fringe. The coat has a deep collar back and front and fastens at the side on the left.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on Nov. 8.

AT one time it was anticipated that we should get through the remainder of the year without the necessity of raising the Bank Rate; but the general impression is now that some rise at least will be necessary. The French demand for gold, if it continues, will prevent the Bank from securing the bulk of the supplies in the open market, and must lead to other measures to keep us within the margin-of-safety limit. The outlook both in Europe and Asia is not of a nature to inspire over-confidence, and, as we anticipated, Morocco is likely to afford more spasms before we see our German friends out of Agadir.

THE ARGENTINE RAILWAY REPORTS.

Although the full figures of the Buenos Ayres Pacific are not to hand at the time of writing, the dividend is eminently satisfactory, and it is interesting to review the figures of the Buenos Ayres Western, the Buenos Ayres Great Southern, and the Central Argentine Railways. The report and balance-sheet of the latter make the best showing, chiefly owing to the lateness of the maize crop of the 1909-10 season, a large part of which is included in the 1910-11 returns.

We have not space to do justice to the reports of the three railways whose figures are available, but they have done better during the period under review than ever before, thanks to a bumper wheat crop and to the continual growth of general traffics. The increases in gross receipts are as follows—

Argentine Central	£672,782
B. A. Great Southern	386,456
B. A. Western	233,676

And all three show a decreased ratio of expenditure to receipts, so that the net figures are really better than the gross returns.

The features of the administration in all three cases are the large reserves which are being steadily built up by means of "special renewal" funds: much larger sums are allocated each year out of working expenses to these funds than are expended on renewals, so that to-day each of the three railways has a fund of over £1,500,000 under this head.

With regard to the future, there seems to be no doubt that the present rate of progress should be maintained, with, of course, some fluctuations. Although the maize crop this year appears to be generally a failure, the reports of the wheat and linseed crops are again excellent, and there is a general air of prosperity throughout the Republic.

THE FOREIGN BOND MARKET.

Chinese Bonds have already shown indications of recovering from the flatness which overtook them at the beginning of the revolution in the country. Whether the revolutionaries succeed or fail, the party ultimately in power is not the least likely to repudiate any of the Chinese external debts. To do so would be simply to kill all hope of future loans to the country, and China, of course, needs every yen she can obtain for the development of her enormous possibilities. Those 5 per cent. Bonds which stand at about 101 can be recommended without hesitation, and will probably recover the full extent of their losses before long. Amongst European issues the weakness of Prussian and German bonds is rather noticeable, and is considered to have some probable connection with a new loan. The German Empire has had considerable difficulty in raising fresh money with which to meet the interest service on the old debt, and it is pretty obvious that attractive terms will have to be offered before either a German or Prussian Loan stands much chance of success in Germany itself or elsewhere. There are a good many men in the foreign market who swear by Turkish Bonds, although these, of course, savour too much of speculation for the real investor. Nevertheless, the Unified Bond at 88 looks reasonably cheap, although no doubt many investors will prefer to pay a few points more in order to obtain a firmer security—such as is offered, for instance, by the Japanese Fours. The Japanese 4 per cent. Sterling Loan of 1910, with coupons due on June 1 and Dec. 1, stands at 91, with drawings due to begin after June 1920, subject to redemption from time to time as determined and notified in advance by the Minister of Finance. The policy of Japan will be more and more to place her loans on a 4 per cent. basis, and probably this bond will appreciate in price by steady degrees. Of the speculative bonds Buenos Ayres Threes are by far the most popular, and as the interest rises to 3½ per cent. next year, it is considered more than possible that the present quotation of 71 will improve within the next few months.

MISCELLANEOUS SHARES.

Wide attention has again been drawn to London General Omnibus stock by the dramatic advance that has occurred during the last week or so, and at 130 the stock is some 40 points above the lowest touched within the past six months. Rumours as to what is going to happen are so thick in the air that it is absolutely impossible to offer any reliable guide in regard to purchase or sale. The widest estimates prevail. In some quarters the stock is talked to 150; in others there is an emphatic conviction that it will revert

to par. The gamble is no longer upon what the Company has done this year: it concerns itself with what may happen in the future—a subject, of course, which offers any amount of possibilities. Associated Portland Cement Ordinary shares are less volatile, and perhaps are just as well worth following. They have been recommended here on various occasions, and that the price will put on another point we are fain to believe, unless some very unexpected calamity should befall the Company. The Preference shares at 8½ return 6½ per cent. on the money, and of their class are as good as can be found. Considerable activity is noticeable in Bovril Deferred shares, many thousands of which have been changing hands on the basis of seven shillings. The impression prevails that the Company is doing exceedingly well. Anglo-Continental 8 per Cent. Preference shares, after being 5½, have gone back to 5, and these offer a tempting investment to those who like a high rate of interest, spiced with a certain amount of risk. The Oil Market is overborne by the number of its friends. In other words, the bull account is still too heavy for the market to carry it comfortably. Friends of ours in Belgium, however, maintain that the Royal Dutch is in a sufficiently strong position to bid defiance to the Standard Oil, even if the latter should continue its policy of rate-cutting.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"There's only one way to Consols, so far as *I* can see," and the speaker pointed to the ground, shaking his head the while.

"But why, my cheerful optimist?"

"Too much competition, my lad. Plenty more to come, too. Lloyd George's Insurance Bill can't be run for nothing: it must have some kind of a fund to back it; and more Consols, under that or another name, must be issued."

The other shrugged his shoulders. "I can meet nobody with a kind word to say for his country's premier security!" he declared.

"Patriotism, finance, and politics make quarrelsome bed-fellows," returned the sage. "You stick to India 3½ per cents. if you want an investment of that class, and leave Consols alone."

"Indias go down, like everything else."

"Pay you well on the money, and are perfectly safe. Those are two essentials. You mustn't look for a rise in anything you buy."

"Guessed I should find you here," said Our Stroller to his broker, who handed him a photograph by way of reply.

Our Stroller looked at it, puckered his brow, and then recognised the portrait. He evidently knew the gracious original. "Not nearly good enough," he commented.

"And so say all of us," replied his broker. "By-the-way, I know a girl who had a stroke of good luck, and it got into the papers."

"Well?"

"Next day a man called upon her to say he had heard from the solicitors about this matter, and to offer his congratulations, and so on and so on. He was so pleasant that the girl told him a little about herself and her people."

"I am growing wild with excitement."

"And behold, on the day following it all appeared in a newspaper as an 'interview' which the paper said its representative had obtained from the girl. She was awfully sick about it."

"An American paper?"

"No. One could have understood a Yankee journalist playing a trick like that—"

"You needn't tell me now. I can guess all right. Wily beggars, aren't they?"

The broker nodded across the room to a friend who had just entered. "Oil Market's weak," he observed.

"There's still a bit of a bull account there," replied the broker. "My Dutch friends tell me they are certain Shells will go to five pounds."

"Paris has a good deal to do with them, eh?"

"That's what causes these big fluctuations, I suppose," Our Stroller put in.

"Very largely. But there's a lot of gambling in them, too."

"Do you believe in the Maikop things?"

"Can't say I do myself," confessed the broker. "I have got a bit of Anglo 'A' open p.a."

"And I'm a bear of Rubber shares," declared another. "I verily believe that a bear of Linggis is the finest investment in the Stock Exchange, provided one has the courage to see the thing through."

"A bear of Dover 'A,' with the same proviso attached, would be another profitable transaction."

"You are all very bearish this afternoon," said their fair hostess, as they bade her good-afternoon.

"Everybody's rather bearish just now," answered the broker, with a laugh. "Still the time *will* come, you know!"

"This Nitrate business—is there anything in it, or is it just a newspaper affair?"

"It's a coming thing," declared the broker. "You have noticed how steadily the market goes? There's no excitement or enthusiasm or paid puffing. The market is quietly rising, and by-and-by you'll see it hum."

"Well, the Kaffir Market's dead as mutton," said a jobber, coming up to them. "I heard what you said about Nitrate. Got my eye on that market. We're done for in Kaffirs, I'm afraid."

"There is the East Rand affair, the Wit. Deep water trouble, the

(Continued on page 96)

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Contrasts. Nothing points the difference between distended and clinging skirts more sharply than the Russian Ballet in "Le Carnaval" and "Sheherazade." In the first the little white-stockinged, black-slipped feet, tinkling about like greased lightning under the swaying, crinoline-distended skirts, are fascinating in their wonderful neatness and alertness, fitting in with the quaint daintiness of the dress. The long lines and clinging Eastern draperies are, however, far more graceful. They are, of course, harem skirts; but our fashionable garments, without being bifurcated, give a similar effect of length of line and slimness. Studying headgear in the audience at the Opera House the other evening, it was apparent that perfect liberty is the vogue. The Marchioness of Ripon had a broad band of dull-tinted embroidery round her pretty silvering hair, with a tall black osprey at one side.

Pretty Mrs. George Lambton had her hair arranged in loose, Clytie-like waves. Handsome Lady Marjorie Manners had also rather a classical coiffure. Mrs. Brown-Potter wore an Eastern turban; a lady with dark, smooth hair had a yellow paradise-plume hanging out of the centre of the back. There were dozens of conspicuous coiffures, no two of which were at all alike.

Keeping in the It is difficult to keep **Swim.** a breast

with all the changes in hair-dressing that occur, and it is sometimes far from easy to turn out up to date, fresh, and charming when there are other things in our lives demanding attention. The International Hair Company is a great help, and one widely acknowledged. They have only lady hair-experts, and their charges are most moderate. They have establishments at 43, Brompton Road; 59, Beauchamp Place, S.W.; and 9, Newman Street, W. They dress hair in any of the permissible modes suited to individual clients,

ONE OF THE WEDDING-PRESENTS OF EARL AND COUNTESS PERCY: A GOLD VASE OF ANTIQUE ROMAN DESIGN GIVEN BY THE PEOPLE OF ALNWICK.

One of the handsomest wedding-presents received by Earl Percy and his bride (formerly Lady Helen Gordon-Lennox) was the gold vase, reproduced above, given by the townspeople of Alnwick. It is a reproduction of a famous Roman marble vase found in the Lake of Pantanello, and was made by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Co., of 112, Regent Street, W.

either by the visit, by the month, week, day, or by annual subscriptions. They supply transformations, cameo curls, and all the necessary additional hair for elaborate coiffures, and keep it in order. They also give face-massage, and have toilet requisites of the most satisfactory. It is a great convenience to women in these days, when no one has leisure, to have the hair and face attended to and kept up to the mark by a firm in which such confidence is felt.

Fashions for the Ear. The general becomingness of earrings has brought them back triumphantly as fashionable ornaments for smart women.

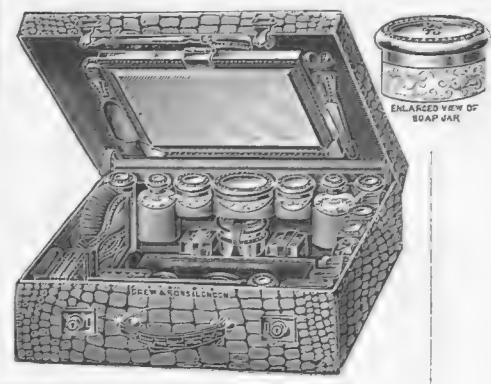
They were worn in the Anglo-Saxon days, but went out of vogue for several centuries, during which the hair was dressed more or less over the ears. In the eighteenth century they became quite features of a woman of fashion's toilette, and were very long. For thirty years past, if worn at all, it was in the form of jewelled studs. Now they are varied to suit the face and the coiffure of the wearer. Messrs. Charles Packer and Co., who are the oldest-established firm of jewellers in Regent Street, have brought their great experience to bear in preparing designs for these ornaments to suit all styles of face and of coiffure. Their choice of earrings is practically unlimited.

Woman at Her Best. There is a real liking for winter in the hearts of all women, because it is the time for furs, the most becoming things that our sex can wear. The International Fur Store, 163-5, Regent Street, are ready with a wonderful supply of really beautiful fur-sets—scarves and mufflers and coats. They have published, for the guidance of intending purchasers, a catalogue splendidly illustrated with full-page reproductions of models. Of these there are fifty-one, and one full-page figure of a man showing a fur-lined coat. The cost of each is clearly given in different kinds of fur, making the

book really useful as well as interesting. It gives only a selection from the large stock of models at this luxurious store, and does not therefore take the place of a visit, which is far more satisfactory to those in a position to make it. There is great dignity and elegance in the long fur-coats, whether of caracul, broad-tail, or ermine. Many of these are slightly draped to meet the present fashion, and all are really beautiful. Three-quarter-length seal musquash coats are from £24, while a long pony-skin coat, closely resembling broad-tail, is sold from £35. There are long, sleeved cloaks of broad-tail, caracul, ermine, and sable up to any price; and there are travelling and motor-coats at very reasonable prices. The fur-sets are most of all remarkable, they are so rich, handsome, and varied. They make real and very elegant wraps, and are just the right things to give as presents.

Wedding Garments. Countess Percy inaugurated a pretty and sensible fashion in wearing no gloves at her wedding. Her sleeves were finished with long, tight, mediæval under-sleeves of Brussels net, coming well down over the hands. There was no nervous tugging off of a glove, and the holding of the bridal bouquet was much more easy and comfortable. No doubt some brides would reject this sensible idea on the score that when they were nervous their hands were like beetroot in colour. This objection would, of course, be allowed, and gloves in such a case should be worn. It is unkind to those who invite you to a wedding to go dressed dowdily; the wedding garment need not be expensive, but there should be some festal touch about it, if only light kid gloves. Many weddings have the ensemble spoiled by too many dark clothes. The Duchess of Wellington's wedding garment, a long ermine cloak, was quite in accordance with her rank, but a hat crowned with white ostrich-feathers serves for an ordinary mortal. The rich dark blues and purples, now so much worn, are not very cheery in character. These, and fashionable furs, can always be made to look wedding-like and bright by a few touches of lace, jewels, and such-like addenda to dress, as women so well understand.

Mr. Kenneth Durward, the well-known sporting tailor, of Ulster House, Conduit Street, W., has received a royal warrant of appointment to the King of Spain.



ONE OF THE COSTLIEST OF ITS KIND EVER MADE: A LADY'S DRESSING-CASE WITH FITTINGS OF SOLID GOLD.

The dressing-case was specially made for a wedding present by Messrs. Drew and Sons, of Piccadilly, and is one of the richest they have ever produced. The case itself is in polished green crocodile of a neutral shade. The toilet fittings are of massive 15-carat solid gold, quite plain polished, and each piece engraved with a Roman wreath. The frame of the mirror fitted into the head of the case is also in solid gold. The effect is rich in the extreme.



RECENTLY INDISPOSED, BUT HAPPILY HERSELF AGAIN: A CHARMING PORTRAIT OF QUEEN MAUD OF NORWAY AND HER SON, PRINCE OLAF.

Fortunately, the cold from which Queen Maud was recently suffering turned out not to be serious. After a day or two's postponement she and King Haakon travelled last week from Christiania to Copenhagen, where they joined Queen Alexandra. On Thursday, Queen Maud and Prince Olaf started with Queen Alexandra and Princess Victoria on the journey to England. They were due to arrive at Victoria on Friday evening.—[Photograph by Record Press.]

Continued from page 94.]

slump in Tanganyikas, the falling-off in the Langlaagte crushings, the Amal. Rho. Props. secret share-sales, the—”

“Whoa! I say, draw it easy, old man. Why croak so loudly? The poor must live.”

“The poor shareholder doesn’t get much chance,” said the broker grimly. “And now they’re talking of a bad Goldfields dividend.”

“That will be the next thing, I suppose.”

“Where are you going to get your public from to buy Kaffirs in the face of these—these—”

And those Stock Exchange men talked more live language in two minutes than a seasoned four-wheel cab driver could lay his tongue to in the course of a quarter of an hour.

NITRATE PROSPECTS.

There have been signs in the last week or two that the public is awakening to the greatly improved prospects of the Nitrate industry, owing to increasing consumption and rising prices. Readers of this page have so often been recommended to invest in some of the best of the nitrate-producing Companies that it is to be hoped some of them are profiting by the advice given. There can be no question that there are real grounds for a further considerable improvement in share prices. The position of the industry was succinctly described by the chairman of the Anglo-South American Bank, Sir Robert Harvey, at the annual general meeting of that Company on Wednesday last. Sir Robert Harvey, as chairman of several of the best of the Nitrate Companies, speaks with indisputable authority: “The consumption of nitrate,” he said, “has again increased, and reached 52,500,000 quintals for the year, whilst the price (which when we met last was quoted at 7s. 4d.) has gone up until it has reached 7s. 11d. per quintal; whilst the prices for forward delivery indicate considerable confidence for the future. It is anticipated that during the current year there will again be an increase in consumption. The increased demand is being met by the erection of new machinery by many of the Companies which are able to produce cheaply, and it is therefore highly improbable that the free production which has been going on now for some two years will be superseded by a new Combination for the restriction of output.” At its present price there is a rise of about 9d. per quintal over the average price of a year ago, and of about 1s. 6d. over the average price ruling two years ago. This may not seem very much at first sight, but it represents an enormous percentage increase in profits. Take, for instance, the *Lagunas Syndicate*. This Company’s report for the year ended June 30 last will be available in a few days’ time; in the preceding year ended June 30, 1910, the Syndicate manufactured 1,354,383 quintals of nitrate, for a net profit of £119,051; the nitrate fetched an average price of 7s. 2d. per quintal, and the net profit was approximately 1s. 9d. per quintal. At the current price of 7s. 11d. there would have been an additional profit of 9d. per quintal, representing an increase of 40 per cent. in the profits, or, say, a net profit of £167,000 as against £119,000. These figures are, of course, only given to illustrate what the higher price ruling means for those Companies which can produce cheaply. And many of them, as Sir Robert Harvey remarked, are taking steps to increase their production; such Companies are the Liverpool, Rosario, and the *Lagunas Syndicate*. For those who are not already shareholders in Nitrate Companies any of the following are likely to prove remunerative investments: *Lagunas Syndicates, Liverpool, Salar del Carmen, Rosario, New Tamarugal.*

Particulars of most of these have been already given in this column. The *Lagunas Syndicate Company* is shortly to be reconstructed, and holders will receive £2½ of 5 per cent. redeemable Debentures and 2½ £1 shares for each *Lagunas Syndicate* share now quoted at 4½. In present circumstances both Debentures and shares are likely to command their face-value, and therefore these shares should be bought up to £5. With regard to *Salar del Carmen* it should be remembered that the Company holds investments representing £1 per share, and these shares must therefore be regarded as cheap. The interim dividend has recently been increased from 1s. 6d. to 2s. per share, and at least 30 per cent. will, no doubt, be distributed for the year.

Saturday, Oct. 21, 1911.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C. Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

CRUDEQUIE.—At present prices you can’t lose much by purchasing, but we have no faith in either Company, and believe the shares to be valueless.

HANSON.—The people are swindlers in all probability, and the circular conveys this impression to us very strongly.

C.T.B.—Your letter was answered on the 17th inst.

F.T.—(1) All Bank shares are out of favour because of the liability. We have been unable to find out any reason for the drop in the particular Bank you mention, which is of the highest standing. (2) Both shares are a reasonable investment, with not much chance of any considerable rise in value; we prefer Liptons as having a better and freer market.

E.G.C.—See this week’s Notes. We can add nothing to what we say there, although the paragraph was written before your letter reached us.

NOLENS.—We are not experts at insurance. Your “expectation of life” is about twelve years, and the fair value of the policy is the present value of £600, payable twelve years hence. You might get a little more than surrender value by selling the policy. Communicate with Foster and Cransfield, of 6, Poultry, E.C., and, giving details, ask what they can get for it by auction.

DUBIOUS.—(1) Bucket-shop keepers of the worst. (2) The operations are gambles pure and simple, and gambles in which you will certainly lose.

CARLEN.—Merely a scheme for selling you Premium Bonds above market price.

H. C.—The Insurance Companies you name are good ones except the last, of which we are doubtful. For what you want, we prefer Little Chathams.

MYANMA.—It is probably next door to impossible publicly to float a Rubber Company to purchase a non-producing plantation at present.

STUMBLER.—See this week’s Notes.

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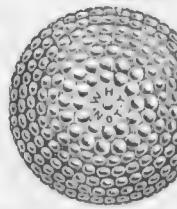
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Fine quality real Turkey carpet, about 9ft. 6in. by 12ft. 6in., at £7 10s.; massive carved oak sideboard £5 15s.; overmantel fitment to match, £2 10s.; extending dining table to match, £2 17s. 6d.; two elegantly-carved armchairs and six small ditto to match, £6 15s.; set of six small and two armchairs of Hepplewhite design, exquisitely carved, £15 15s.; Hepplewhite design, sideboard, 12s.; ditto dining table, extending, £2 15s.; handsome bookcase, £3 15s.; choice crockery service of 18 pieces, cobalt blue and gold, £15s.; very fine grand piano, £25; music ottoman, forming cabinet, £1 7s. 6d.; costly bronze and marble clock with side pieces, 7s.; valuable set of crystal table glass, about 100 pieces, £4 15s.; luxurious Chesterfield settee, £3 15s.; two luxurious lounge easy chairs to match at £1 10s.; costly real Turkey carpet, about 9ft. 6in. by 12ft. 6in., £8 15s.; real Turkey rug, £2 10s.; magnificently-carved grandfather clock to match, £22 10s.; and many other items too numerous to mention here.

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Very elegant design large Axminster bordered carpet, about 11ft. 6in. wide and 15ft. long, £8 15s.; natural shape brown bear, mounted as rug (shot by owner), £2 15s.; the costly Chesterfield silk suite, a design seen, very magnificent, £26 5s.; four gilt Louis XIV. occasional chairs, at £1 7s. 6d.; Louis XIV. style cabinet, about 8ft. 6in. high, a perfect work of art (worth over treble), £16 10s.; overmantel fitment to match, £4 4s.; centre table to match, £3 15s.; Medieval model upright grand piano, by Stanley Brinsmead, with every possible up-to-date improvement, scarcely soiled £18 18s.; cabinet ottoman seat to match piano front and covered silk, £2 10s.; the satinwood decorated chima cabinet, 4ft. 6in. wide, £14 14s.; satinwood decorated centre table, £2 10s.; satinwood decorated overmantel, £3 10s.; costly satinwood decorated suite, covered chinoise brocade gobelin blue silk, £13 15s.; satinwood decorated French piece, £2 2s.; Louis XV. design all brass fender suite, £8 15s.; pair of Louis XV. carved and gilt settees, covering of Parisian broche silk, at £9 0s.; pair of Louis XV. carved and gilt fauteuils, at £4 10s.; six Louis XV. occasional chairs to match, £5 5s.; two Louis XV. gilt Berger chairs, carved with foliage, at £12 12s.

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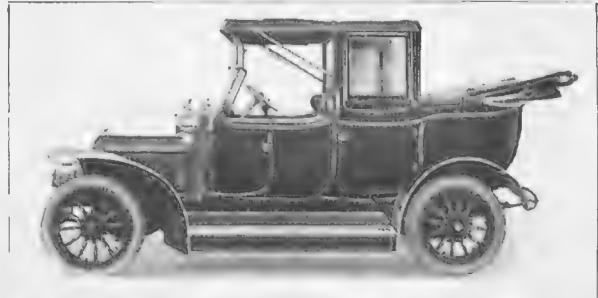
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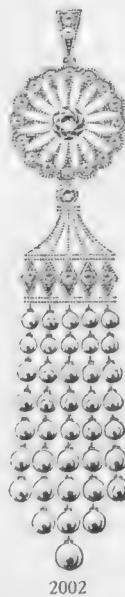
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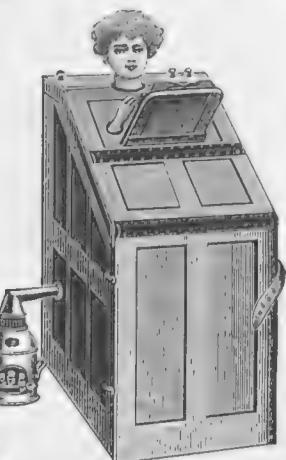
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(Extracted by kind permission from Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree's book, "Henry VIII. and His Court.")



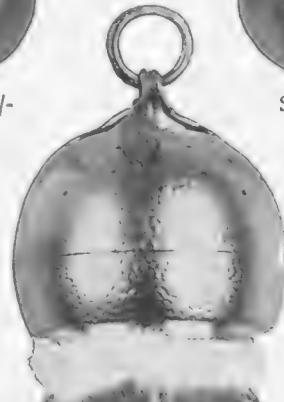
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PURGEN

THE WHEEL AND THE WING.

(Continued.)

Light, Ignition, and Self-Starting. There is really so little trouble in starting up the modern internal-combustion engine nowadays, even when stone-cold and stiff, that the majority of makers have not given much consideration to provision for, or the supply of, self-starters. There are, of course, several devices on the market, and many patented, the most successful up to date being the apparatus fitted to the S.C.A.T. car, in which compressed air is made use of through a distributing-valve to start the engine, as with mixture. This apparatus has been proved by a strenuous Royal Automobile Club test, but either the trouble of fitting or the cost has stood in the way of its popularity. Now we have an American car, which has been before the British public for some time and has gained a considerable reputation, coming upon the market with a self-starter as a standard fitting. This is the Cadillac, in which, however, air-compressors and auxiliary distributing-valves are not present. Electricity is once more pressed into the service of the motorist, and a dynamo with a triple use made to do the work.

A Dynamo Does all Three. Realising that the electric-lighting of both open and closed motor-cars is rapidly gaining favour, the Cadillac Company have installed a dynamo upon their 1912 car, which will not only charge and keep charged the battery of accumulators necessary to an electric-lamp outfit, but will perform the usual igniting office of the magneto and, when required, act as a mechanical starter to the engine; that is to say, that the engine is actually turned round from the outside by the mechanism provided, exactly as though she were cranked by hand. The dynamo, as I have said, charges a battery of accumulators carried on the car for lighting. When it is desired to start the engine, the clutch is depressed by the driver in the usual way, which has the effect of throwing a toothed pinion on the dynamo-spindle into mesh with a toothed ring on the periphery of the fly-wheel. Connection with the accumulators is made at the same time; the dynamo becomes an electric motor and starts the engine. Upon the second depression of the clutch for engaging the first speed the gearing is put out of mesh and the current cut off, and the dynamo then begins to discharge the function of the magneto.

Hotel Improvement. Of the necessity for radical improvement in the administration of English hotels there is "no possible, probable shadow of doubt, no possible doubt whatever." Not that there are no good, reasonable

hotels where a motorist may bestow himself in comfort in this country of ours, but, sakes! they are few and far between, and there might well be more of them. This, it would appear, has come home with some force to the Executive Committee of the Automobile Association and Motor Union, for this body have just voted no less a sum than one thousand pounds sterling to be devoted exclusively to a vigorous campaign for the improvement of hotel arrangements where motorists are concerned. The result of the campaign (just what form it will take is not vouchsafed to us) will, it is hoped, ensure the recognition of the A.A. and M.U. official appointment as a mark of excellence in such important details as cleanliness, courtesy, and good catering. As a matter of fact, the cleanliness is generally there or thereabouts; it is the courtesy and the catering which require incentive.

What the T.C.F. Has Done.

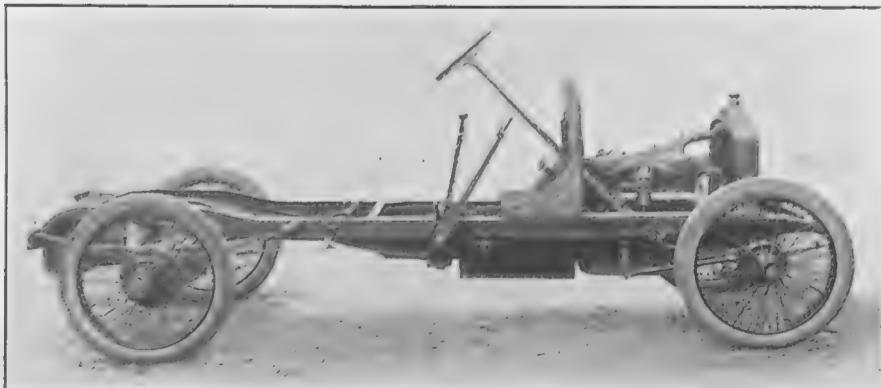
Personally, speaking from some considerable knowledge of French and German hotels, I do not think the A.A. and M.U. could do better than to take several leaves out of the book of the Touring Club of France. The work of that wonderful body in the hygienic reformation of the French hotels during the last ten years or so is nothing short of marvellous; the changes effected in some parts of the country (such as Brittany and the Auvergne—the latter at one time regarded as the most uncleanly part of France) are nothing short of revolutionary in this respect. Now, so far as hygiene goes, there is nothing much to grumble at in connection with the majority of British hotels, but, as mentioned before, courtesy and good catering are often lacking. It will therefore be interesting to see how the A.A. will propose to reward increased politeness and an extended menu. The Touring Club of France inaugurated a Concours d'Hôtels, in which very substantial prizes were awarded to the proprietors of the hotels that received the majority of the suffrages of the members. The A.A. emphasises the fact that in their scheme little hotels will start off the mark with big ones.

Peter Pan, like Alice and Golliwog, has found a new medium for his ever-increasing popularity, that of the pictorial card-game. He has, in fact, been added to the delightful series of such games printed by Messrs. De la Rue, and published by the International Card Co., of 96-98, Leadenhall Street, E.C. Two games can be played with these cards, that with the ordinary rules, or Pool "Peter Pan." It is quite refreshing to turn up our old friends Starkey, Captain Hook, Peter himself, or Wendy, and all the other immortals, instead of commonplace clubs and spades and hearts and diamonds. The figures are the work of Mr. Charles A. Buchel.

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870 x 90	4 7 6	4 19 0	1 3 0	1 7 0
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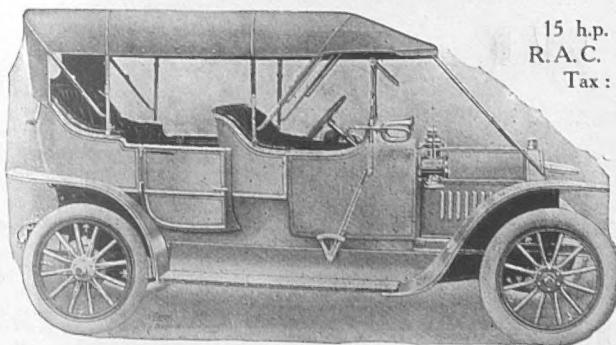
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"Under Western Eyes."
By JOSEPH CONRAD.
(Methuen.)

been more attractively embodied than in the person of Kirylo Sidorovitch (Cyril, son of Isidor) Razumov, the hero of Mr. Joseph Conrad's story. The investigation of that interesting mentality is pursued by the aid of an autobiographical document, a kind of diary kept by Razumov; and the device is excellent construction, for no Western eyes could have focussed such unfamiliar phenomena by any light less explicit than those terrible pages.

After a general introduction—and how impressive is that phrase about the lack of fineness in his good looks: "as if a face modelled vigorously in wax (with some approach even to a classical correctness of type) had been held close to a fire till all sharpness of line had been lost in the softening of the material"—the first part is drawn solely from that documentary evidence. A promising young student with ambitions for a silver medal and subsequent Government employment, Razumov, without home or family or friend, in receipt only of a small income from some dim, aristocratic father, returned to his lodging to find a fellow-student in hiding by his stove. A great Government official had been murdered that morning by a bomb, and Victor Haldin, on his own showing, had thrown the bomb. On the strength of some casual phrase, he had concluded Razumov to be a revolutionary, and now trusted him with his plan of escape. Razumov was to interview a peasant in a distant corner of the town and make an appointment for a vehicle to conduct the assassin out of St. Petersburg. With silent rage he went forth to accomplish the mission, and "the words and events of that evening must have been graven as with a steel tool on Mr. Razumov's brain, since he was able to write his relation with such fullness and precision a good many months afterwards." Carrying the key of his door behind which lay the hated guest, he sought the peasant, only to find him hopelessly drunk, and a wild, despairing walk through the snow ended in a visit to the Secretariat and a disclosure to the Government of Haldin's crime and refuge. Throughout this episode there is a magical sense of the night, of the snowstorm, of the soft snow across which he stamped, feeling the hard ground of Russia beneath, "inanimate, cold, inert, like a sullen and tragic mother hiding her face under a winding sheet," and of the clear black sky of the northern winter, as the snow ceased and gave place to "the sumptuous fires of the stars." Across this mysterious magnificence ran the despairing,

angry, haunted creature, responsive to its mystery and magnificence, while weaving exultant arguments for the approaching betrayal. When it came he dimly realised that he had delivered his victim into peace, and himself to the furies.

Part II., though perfectly sustained in interest, can scarcely be of the same dramatic quality. The storm has raged and broken, and men must put together the ruined properties of their lives as best they may. At Geneva, under the eyes of the English professor, this is accomplished. Razumov gives us an illuminating picture of that quarter of the oleographic town, called "La Petite Russie." And he draws the portrait of Victor Haldin's sister—that exceptional, admirable girl—with the tenderness of a quite hopeless lover, which he was. Razumov himself presently arrives, bringing his own dramatic moments with him. Russia and a career were impossible to the suspected friend of the assassin. Welcomed by the exiles and revolutionaries of "La Petite Russie," he can hardly restrain either his fear or contempt of them. His relations with mother and sister of the executed Haldin became extraordinarily subtle.

Part III. is a development of the situation in Geneva. We see Razumov scribbling feverishly under the exiled effigy of the author of the "Social Contract." He had sought freedom from interruption on an absurd island. Part IV., and last, discloses that the scribble was destined for the Secretariat, whose spy he was. Yet, at the moment when his safety with the revolutionists, his position with the Government, and his relations with Natalia Haldin seemed most assured, some irrepressible and native nobility within him arose in response to Natalia's trusting eyes. And from the day that he mounted his stairs, dreaming student-like of a silver medal, and found the bomb-thrower sheltering by his stove, to that morning when, multilated by the anarchist, he lay crushed beneath a tramcar, his destiny had pursued him like another Orestes. In the first moved moment of coming from so much that is poignant and disturbing there may be a danger of excess, but nevertheless any hesitation seems to lie, not in over-estimating, but in doing justice to the rare truth and beauty of Mr. Conrad's latest book. No Englishman could have written it. For we belong, in Miss Haldin's words, "to a people who have made a bargain with Fate, and wouldn't like to be rude to it." We are no longer attuned to revolt and revolution. But the observant will not miss the impression of that Swiss couple "whose fate was made secure from the cradle to the grave by the perfected mechanism of democratic institutions in a republic that could almost be held in the palm of one's hand." "What's the name of the Commune this place belongs to?" asked Razumov; and continued: "Never mind—the heart of democracy, anyhow. A fit heart for it: no bigger than a parched pea, and about as much value."

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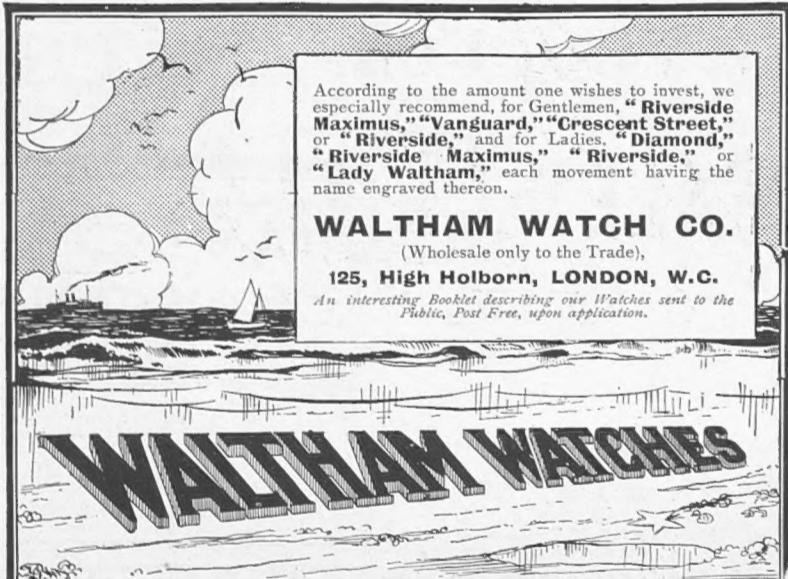
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MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

TO those of our readers who are interested in religious matters may be very cordially recommended a tastefully produced booklet containing a reprint of "Days of First Love," devotional verses in honour of the Virgin Mary, by the late Mr. Chatterton Dix. The author was a Roman Catholic, but there is nothing in his poetry to offend the susceptibilities of other branches of Christianity, and it should receive a wide welcome among the devout of all persuasions. In its original edition, published some twelve years ago, the poem had a very large sale, both in this country and America, and its appearance now in a cheap form should still further increase its popularity. The commendatory preface by Cardinal Vaughan has been reprinted, and a new preface is contributed by Mr. Conrad P. Fry. The booklet is published by Messrs. E. S. and A. Robinson of Bristol, at the price of one penny.

Quite a new idea in photography is the Biofix, which, as its name indicates, is a kind of cross between a biograph and a fixed portrait. It is now possible to have one's biofix taken, at the offices of the patentees, at 56, Strand, for the modest sum of one shilling; and the result, it is claimed, is delivered within a quarter of an hour. By squandering half-a-crown a more elaborate biofix can be obtained. The biofix pictures can be produced either in small blocks, on postcards, as pocket-blocks, or in rolls. For the latter a cheap repeating apparatus, like a mutoscope, is supplied. A biofix consists of a number of little photographs, showing the subject in gradations of attitude and fastened together. When so manipulated that they present themselves to the eye one after

another in rapid succession, they give the impression of a cinematograph. Thus you can send your friends a moving picture of yourself engaged in any characteristic occupation—such as having a drink, doing some work, or nursing the baby.

At the Palace one can always be sure of an interesting and amusing show, and the current programme is no exception to the rule. One of the best turns put on for some time is that of the Arawa Maoris, who give native songs and dances in a very attractive style. One of their dances, given by the Poi Girls, represents the arrival of the Arawa Canoe in New Zealand. Iwa, the soloist of the troupe, sings a quaint Maori love-song, called "Home, Little Maori, Home," composed by Alfred Hill. Another notable item of the entertainment is Mr. Alfred Sutro's one-act play, "The Man in the Stalls," in which appear Miss Lena Ashwell, Mr. Nigel Playfair, and Mr. Laurence Grossmith.

Some interesting particulars of the 1911 vintage have been published, as in previous years, by the well-known wine merchants, Messrs. Hedges and Butler. The general report in practically every case is that the quality is very good but the quantity small, with the consequence that prices for this year's wines will be high. The reports about champagne, claret, and burgundy are particularly enthusiastic as to quality. Of champagne it is said, "We are certain of having a very grand wine . . . the price will be very high"; of claret, "the wines are expected to be very good . . . it will probably be one of the most expensive vintages of recent years." Burgundy, hock, and moselle, marsala and cognac are also pronounced "very good"; sherry is described as "satisfactory"; madeira, "perhaps better than last year"; while of port, "some good wines may be made."

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